THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1821, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY JANUARY 14, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 26.

IN A BOX.

I saw them last night in a box at the play,
Old age and young youth side by side;
You might know by the glasses that pointed that way
That they were a groom and a bride;
And you might have known too by the face of the groom,
And the tilt of his head, and the grim
Little smile of his lip, he was proud to presume
That we men were all envying him.

Well, she was superb; an Elaine in the face,
A Godiva in figure and mien,
With the arm and the wrist of a Parian "Grace,"
And the high-lifted brow of a queen.
But I thought, in the splendor of wealth and of pride,
And in all her young beauty might prize,
I should scarcely be glad if she sat by my side
With that far-away look in her eyes.

WON BY WEALTH.

A Tale of a Wedding-Ring.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING at them as they lie in the shop windows of the vendors of old gold—wedding-rings of every size—worn and bruised, taken most of them from hands that will never more be raised to caress or to threaten—who realizes the tragedies that belong to their history! The love of which they were the outward symbol is known on earth no more—the wave of time has passed over it, obliterating all trace; but what poetry, what romance, what tragedy ever equalled the stories attached to these old worn wedding-rings?

I have a story to tell of one—the ring that Paul Waldron placed on his wife's finger—a ring of plain thick gold.

The birds that had built their nests in the grand old trees of Dene Woods were singing their vesper hymn; the forest glades, the dells and knolls, the dark tangled shrubs, were all bathed in a flood of golden sunset light.

On the eastern side of the wood stood the pretty little cottage that had been given to Paul Waldron for himself and his beautiful young wife—a cottage such as English poets delight to sing of—all covered with wild roses and woodbine, and with trailing sprays of jessamine, its windows framed with flowers, its rustic porch overgrown with scarlet creepers, and its large, old-fashioned garden containing almost every sweet flower that grows.

As it appeared now in the evening sunlight, the air so full of richest fragrance, the roses all abloom, the little brook close by singing as it ran, the birds filling the air with jubilant song, the cottage in itself furnished matter for a poem.

At the door, looking intently down one of the broad woodland paths, stood a young and most beautiful woman—Ismay Waldron, Paul Waldron's wife, and mother of the lovely little boy playing on the grass. She was only nineteen, and marked by great girlish beauty.

She had hair of shining brown, which looked like gold in the sunshine; it covered a head of most perfect shape and symmetry, falling in waving masses round a neck that also was perfect—it was such hair as the old masters loved to paint in their famous pictures of Mary Magdalen. She had eyes of an indescribable violet hue, with a golden light in their clear depths; they were bright and proud but the long silken lashes softened them into wondrous beauty. Her brows were straight, and her forehead was white, rounded at the temples, and full of ideality. She had ripe red lips, the upper one short, the lower one full—a beautiful mouth that would have made even a plain face lovely; the chin was delicately moulded, and the curves of the neck and shoulders were full of grace.

Ismay Waldron was that most perfect of all poems—a beautiful woman. Her dress was quite plain, but the homely material only showed the marvelous beauty of her girlish figure to greater advantage. The hand that shaded her eyes was white and graceful. One might have wondered how she—living in a cottage, the wife of a man who worked hard for his daily bread—came by this dainty beauty, this delicate, graceful loveliness that would have been fit dowry for a queen.

Suddenly her eyes brightened, and a low musical laugh came from her lips. She heard her husband's footsteps, saw him in the distance, and hastened to meet him.

Paul Waldron had the true Norman type of face—dark, handsome, full of fire and power. He had dark eyes from which an undaunted soul looked out on the world, dark hair that clustered round a noble head, firm, well-closed lips, a tall manly figure, a free, independent carriage and bearing, as though he felt himself to be any man's equal—and so indeed he did.

His whole face changed and softened when he saw his beautiful young wife.

"You are waiting for me, my darling," he said—"waiting and watching for me."

She clasped her little white hands round his arm, and they walked slowly home together.

"You have not been dull to-day, Ismay, I hope?" said the young husband, questioningly.

"Not more dull than usual," she replied. "Oh, Paul, make haste to be rich, and let us leave this quiet, homely little cottage!"

His countenance fell as he listened to her. He drew the beautiful face towards him, and kissed it with a passion that knew no words.

"My darling wife, to me this little cottage is more beautiful than a palace; that is because I love you so dearly and it is our home. Do you not love it also?"

She smiled carelessly.

"Yes; but I cannot go into raptures over it. When we have a grand mansion—a large house full of all kinds of beautiful things—then I shall be as charmed as ever you wish me to be."

"But, Ismay, I must work long and hard dear, before attempting to find you a large house. Will you never be happy or content until then?"

A slight shadow came over her face.

"My darling," he continued, earnestly, "you will never—oh, believe me!—you will never be happier than you are now. You have sunshine and music all the day long; the birds sing to you, the little brook there murmurs sweetest melody.

"I am no poet, Ismay—not even an educated man, but I can hear all that. You have bright flowers, the beauty of the morning heavens, the glory of the sunset, the gloaming, and soft dewy nights. You will never be happier, sweet."

With a careless smile she looked into his earnest face.

"I should like a large house best," she said.

"I have you here all to myself," he resumed, "my beautiful bird of bright plumage, and I can worship you as I do. Your beauty makes my heart glad—your love makes earth like heaven to me. But, if we were rich, and lived in the great world, you would belong to so many others; others would delight in your loveliness, and follow you with praise. You know those favorite lines of mine, Ismay?—

> "'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love,
> My only world I see;
> Let but their orbs in sunshine move,
> And earth below and skies above
> May frown or smile for me.'

I should not like my beautiful wife to be admired by all the world. I am jealous, and would fain keep her all to myself."

"What is just what would please me," she said. "I long for this beautiful great world you seem to despise. The idea of passing my whole life in this pretty little cottage does not content me.

"I feel like a bird—I would fain stretch my wings and fly away." She looked laughingly at him. "Do you not think I am right Paul? Answer me."

"No," he replied. "A woman should be content with the love and admiration she wins in her own home."

"I do not think," said Ismay, "frankly speaking, that they will ever content me."

She did not perceive how her words jarred upon his sensitive nature. He had been holding her tightly clasped in his arms, but now he let his arms fall nervelessly.

She looked up at him again with a smile that was beautiful to behold.

"Will it be so very long before you are rich, Paul?"

"I cannot tell, Ismay. At present I have but little chance. I am Squire Schofield's steward; I keep his woods in order, and look after the farms. I have just sufficient money to keep our home—no more."

"But," she remonstrated, her lovely eyes growing dim with tears, "you told me that you would make money some day."

His face cleared; brighter thoughts evidently arose within him.

"That will be by my patents, Ismay. I have something like a genius for mechanics I believe.

"If I could but find time to work closely at one of my inventions, I think I could make a fortune."

"Then it is all uncertain?" she questioned, despondingly.

He drew his tall figure to its full height.

"I am vain enough to think the contrary, sweet. I have now an idea—if I could but work it out—as to an inexpensive method of improving the working powers of steam engines.

"If anything should ever come of that, I shall be a rich man, Ismay."

"Then you must turn your mind to it, Paul," she said, caressingly.

"My darling," he responded, wistfully, "I would rather be poor—ah, believe me, love!—far rather. I am quite happy in this peaceful woodland life of ours; it seems to me ten thousand times more beautiful than anything that money could give; and it seems to me that if I won wealth I should in some measure lose you.

"Why, Ismay, the whole world would not compensate me for the loss of one atom of your affection!" And again that deep and wonderful love of his seemed to master him.

"You think of nothing but love," she said. "I think of a thousand things besides."

He looked at her half doubtingly.

"I have read of women whose souls were not fully awakened," he said; "but that cannot be the case with you. My own soul came into full, perfect, and beautiful life when I first saw and loved you. Money and luxury have no charm for me."

"They have a great charm for me, Paul. Of course I love you very dearly; but when you have won for me all my heart desires, I shall love you even more."

The words were not kind; but she bent her lovely face near him with a smile that made him forget everything in the world except her.

"If I am to make a fortune," he said, suddenly, "I must study hard. Shall we have just one half-hour out amongst the flowers? Afterwards I will get my books, and do my best."

She accompanied him, and, as they stood amongst the roses, Paul Waldron said to himself that no flower that bloomed was so fair as his beautiful wife.

If it were possible he would win name, fame, and gold for her sweet sake—he would study and toil that she might have the toys her heart was fixed upon.

"They are but toys after all," he said to himself. "She loves dress and jewels—these are woman's toys."

He took himself to task for having, even for a moment, felt impatient with her.

"Should I feel vexed because the birds love the sunshine," he said to himself, "or the butterflies love flowers? They follow their instincts. My beautiful Ismay, in loving all things bright and fair, only follows hers."

"If money could not buy beautiful things you would not care for it, Ismay," he said, looking earnestly at her.

She laughed aloud—that sweet musical laugh which stirred his pulses and thrilled every nerve, as some soft strain of music would have done.

"You shall have money," he said. "I will never cease working until I have won you your heart's desire."

* * * * * * * *

Martin Schofield, Esquire, was Lord of the Manor of West Dene. He was a wealthy man, and one who enjoyed life to its full extent.

He had a great aversion to all kinds of responsibility and trouble; he had a land-agent who managed one portion of his estate—the woods of Dene and farms beyond them were under the care of Paul Waldron. By courtesy Paul was called the Squire's steward, but in reality his duties were more those of a head-keeper than anything else.

He was the son of poor parents. His father had been the head gamekeeper at West Dene Manor for many years; his mother was an amiable, gentle woman, whose very life was centred in that of her boy.

They had given Paul a fair education—somewhat above his station.

The boy was naturally quick and clever, but his chief delight lay in mechanics. He liked all kinds of machinery; he enjoyed finding out how he could improve upon anything he saw made; he longed to learn some practical trade, but his parents were not willing. "The Squire had always promised," they said, "that their son should have the charge of the West Dene woods, and it was not kind of him to wish for anything else." So, to please them, he accepted the Squire's offer, and before he reached his twentieth year he was master of the keeper's cottage.

"I can study," he thought; "I shall have long hours to myself, and I can work out the ideas that have lain so long in my brain."

But in a short time a change came over him.

He went one day to a pretty little town called Ashburnham, and there he met his fate.

There he saw what seemed to him the loveliest face ever created; there he saw Ismay Hope, and from that moment until the hour of his death he loved her with a deep, true, lasting love, and gave no thought to another.

He was walking down the principal street of the little town when he met her. Her lovely face, her light, graceful figure, her wealth of waving brown hair, the pretty blue cloak—he remembered the picture while he lived.

He looked earnestly at her as she passed, and a faint smile rippled over her lips. That long, lingering gaze amused her. As a sudden glow of warm sunshine will bring to life some late-blossoming flower, so that half-smile, that one look at her seemed to bring Paul's whole soul to life; a new world opened to him—a great golden blaze of light seemed to have fallen at his feet, and he walked on, dazed, giddy, and confused.

Then he turned back to see where she went.

She entered a small house that stood by itself at the end of the street.

"I must know who she is," he said to himself. "I feel that I must win her."

His soul seemed on fire; there was to be no more peace, no more rest for him until he had won her.

He did not leave Ashburnham that day until he had been introduced to Mrs. Hope and the beautiful girl who had so completely stolen his heart.

Mrs. Hope was a widow; her husband had been in the Civil Service, and she was left with barely sufficient to live upon.

Paul told her frankly that he had seen her daughter, and had fallen in love with her.

"Many people do that," was the quiet reply. "But I must tell you, although we call her Ismay Hope, she is not my daughter."

Won by Paul's manner, his handsome face and eloquent words, she told him Ismay's story.

"She is no child, not even a relative of mine," said Mrs. Hope; "nor have I the least idea where she comes from, or who her parents are. One summer night—it was very warm, and I was standing at the open window, watching the passers-by—I saw a woman loitering near my house—in my own mind I called her then a lady, and I am inclined to call her so now; she had a pale, beautiful face, with wavy brown hair; she was very poorly dressed, and held by the hand a little child. I saw her turn aside and drop a letter into the post-office; then, when she walked on again, her face grew paler, and her eyes had in them an agony of entreaty when they met mine. I saw that she could hardly walk, and that a few minutes more she must fall, so I spoke to her, and she, looking at me said:

"'Oh, if you would but let me rest for one-half hour in your house? Will you, for the love of Heaven?'

"I could not refuse such a request.

"She entered my house never to leave it alive.

"'My very heart seems chilled,' she said, when I had placed a chair for her.

"She sat down, and then called to her child.

"'Ismay, my darling, my heart is growing cold!' And immediately afterwards, when I went to help her, I found that she was dead. The coroner's verdict was that she had died from disease of the heart, increased by over-fatigue and privation. We buried her—for all the neighbors were kind, and, looking at the beautiful dead face, no one could suggest a workhouse-funeral for her. We buried her, and then my husband said she would never part with the child. She was so like her mother that the resemblance startled me. We buried the mother and kept the child. My husband almost worshipped her, and she has been called Ismay Hope ever since."

"You never discovered anything about her mother?" asked Paul.

"No; our Vicar, Mr. Kirdell, inserted some advertisements in the papers, and made some inquiries, but all was in vain. The poor mother had round her neck a little gold locket containing the portrait of a gentleman, and, beside her wedding-ring, she wore one with a motto inside it.

"The Vicar took them all away with him.

"'I fear we shall never know who that poor dead woman was.'

"And the—the child—has been as a daughter to you ever since?" questioned Paul Waldron. "If I can persuade her to love me, Mrs. Hope, will you give her to me?"

And then the coy, blushing beauty came in, and Paul Waldron was more enchanted than ever.

He was not long before he had told her how dearly he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife.

There were times when she puzzled him. There was something about her quite different from other girls; she was so refined, so gentle, her very beauty was of an unusual kind—dainty, exquisite, unlike the rosy beauty of the country girls.

He found, too, that her head was filled with romance. Who her mother was formed an endless subject of thought for her.

"I am sure," she said one day to her handsome young lover, "that my mother was a lady, even though she was wandering through the streets with me alone."

"What makes you think so?" he asked.

"I cannot tell. I feel sure of it. And I feel sure of another thing, Paul; and that is that, though I have been brought up in this homely fashion, I am a lady myself. You may laugh at me, but I feel like one—or rather how I imagine a lady should feel. I love all things bright and beautiful; I detest everything mean, sordid, and little. I feel as though I had tastes which could never be gratified, longings which can never be realized. I have strange sensations always of not being in my right place."

They were sitting under the spreading shade of a large oak-tree, the evening sun in its full splendor making everything bright. The next moment he was kneeling at her feet.

"You are not in your right place, darling. Your place is in my pretty cottage—that must be your home. You shall be my queen, and I will work for you as no man ever worked before, because I love you as no man ever loved."

He wooed her as women are seldom wooed, with such eloquence and truth, such love and tenderness, that she could not resist him. His handsome face, his musical voice, his devotion, all touched her heart as nothing else could have done. She was too beautiful not to have many admirers, but none of them had pleased her. This handsome young keeper, with his dark eyes and thrilling voice, was quite different. His great passionate love touched her—his utter and entire devotion flattered her; beside which, he talked of one day being rich, and that was the one grand wish of her heart. She knew that she was beautiful. To have her beauty adorned by costly dresses and rich jewels, to live in a grand house, to have servants to wait upon her, seemed to Ismay Hope the very acme of bliss.

She did not stop to consider how visionary after all was Paul's idea of growing rich. He would show her occasionally models of steam-engines or of looms, and tell her that a patent for this invention and that improvement would make him a wealthy man. He painted the future for her in glowing colors, and after many months of chivalrous wooing he persuaded her to be his wife.

Did she love him then? Many times in the dark after years Ismay Waldron asked herself that question. She believed she did; his devotion, the flattery of his great love, was as needful to her as the air she breathed. It was a grand thing, too, to win the love of the handsome keeper; all the young girls envied her. She did not dislike the idea of being her own mistress. Mrs. Hope had always been very strict with her; the cottage, moreover, was a pretty home; and then Paul loved her so—oh, how dearly he loved her! She was very young to marry, but Mrs. Hope seemed to think that did not matter.

"I shall die easier, child, when my turn comes," he said, "if I have left you in the charge of a good man."

Would she ever have a chance of doing better? It did not seem probable.

The inhabitants of Ashburnham were quiet and prosaic people; they admired her bright beauty, but they were not of a kind who "looking in a fair face, forgot the whole world." The young squires and farmers, with most laudable intentions, always, to use their own expression, "married money;" they admired pretty faces, but they required something more. The men who looked up to her with keenest admiration were not men whose positions had any attractions for her. She thought long and seriously over the matter. There were many old maids in Ashburnham, and to Ismay, so bright and beautiful, so full of vitality, their lot seemed almost unendurable. Then few strangers ever came to Ashburnham. She might spend her life there, and never have another offer of marriage so good as this.

It was a prosaic way of looking at the matter. She repeated the question to herself—Should she ever do better? Not there, in that quiet little town; it was not probable. So one bright summer morning Ismay became Paul Waldron's wife, and he took her home to his pretty cottage.

CHAPTER II.

PAUL Waldron had won the girl he loved; for a few weeks he was perfectly happy, and then clouds, light as the breath of the summer wind, came over his sky.

He thought his forest home so beautiful. He was so content with it that he wondered his wife was not the same. She was always asking him about the great world, longing to be in the midst of it, and he could not understand her.

"I have no desire for life, Ismay, outside my own home. Why are you ever wishing for change?"

He was too earnest even to understand her lighter nature; her wonderful beauty had so completely charmed him that he could not see her deficiencies of character. Her discontent troubled him; it seemed to him a want of love—and yet she must, she did love him.

They had been married a year when their little child was born, and Paul thought Ismay would grow more content then. She loved the child very dearly, but not with the passionate devotion some mothers give to their children. She was not a heroine; she would never have been a martyr; but she was wondrously lovely, gifted with marvellous grace, and Paul Waldron loved her.

Ismay Waldron was far from faultless. She was vain of her own loveliness.

She longed with the whole strength of her soul for wealth.

She envied those who were rich and powerful.

She was worldly in her way, ambitious, and always craving for one thing—riches. Yet she was amiable and gentle, with a sweet caressing manner that was both irresistible and charming.

She was vain of her own beauty. She would look at her face in the mirror and say to her herself—

"Mrs. Schofield is not one half so fair, yet she is the wife of a rich squire, and wears jewels and satins.

"They tell me some of the greatest ladies in the land are plain of face. Yet beauty is a power. It won Paul's love for me—what would it not win for me if I went into the world where men pay such homage to it?"

The cottage that Paul had taken such pains to make beautiful and pleasant seemed so insignificant in her eyes.

She disliked the daily duties that should have been so welcome to her.

"I do wish, Paul, that I had a servant to do this for me," she would say.

And then Paul, against his better judgment, found a servant to relieve her of the greater part of her work.

Perhaps that was one of the most unfortunate things he could have done. No one can be really unhappy or discontented who is constantly employed. Ismay had ample time now for her dreams and fancies.

Yet, despite all, she loved Paul, and she valued his love. She appreciated his entire devotion. "If I were to ask him to give me his life," she said to herself, with a complacent smile, "he would do it."

She had yet to learn that men of Paul Wardron's stamp held many things dearer than life.

Their child grew and throve. The beautiful summer came round; the world was all fair and bright, the flowers were in bloom, and the birds singing gaily in the trees.

There were times when the young man forgot the light shadow on his home, forgot that his beautiful wife was vain and discontented, forgot everything except the heaven of beauty around him, and the heaven that shone in her face; and then he wondered at his own happiness, and was lost when he tried to thank Heaven for it.

One night he came home, looking so unusually pleased that Ismay asked him the cause.

"I have been working out one of my ideas," he replied. "I have said nothing to you, Ismay, but here is the result of some weeks' diligent application."

He showed her the model of a steam-engine into which he had introduced an improvement so great that, if it would lead to important results. She took up the model carelessly, though it were a toy.

"I will show you the improvement—I will explain it, Ismay."

She looked at him with a pretty expression of fright.

"Nay, do not explain, Paul. I am not quick to understand; things of that kind do not interest me."

His face fell; his sensitive nature always shrank from such careless words.

"Everything that interests me should interest you, Ismay," he observed, half sorrowfully; but she did not even hear the words.

"And from this may spring a fortune!" she said, musingly. "Ah, Paul, Paul, make haste! Time is flying. We grow older every day, and youth is the season for enjoyment. Make haste, work hard."

He looked earnestly at her.

"Why do you long so for wealth, Ismay?" he asked.

"Because of the pleasure and luxury it will bring," she replied, promptly, yet with a smile that disarmed all anger.

"Can I not make you believe, sweet, how many things there are to be preferred to mere money—health, for instance? Of what use would all the wealth in the world be if you were ill?"

"I understand all that," she interrupted, impatiently.

"Again, money could not buy such love as mine, sweet—so true, so tender! Nor could money buy anything one half so precious as that little darling playing there."

"I understand all that," she repeated.

"Suppose you had to choose between me and wealth, Ismay—which would you prefer?"

"What idle words!" she exclaimed, half-laughingly.

"But you have not answered them, sweet. Which would you prefer?"

She looked up at him with a half-startled glance.

"How could such a state of things be?" she asked. "How could wealth and you be rivals in my estimation?"

"That could never be, of course," he replied. "I am merely supposing such a case."

He never forgot the hour and the words. They had wandered down to the brookside, and sat watching the sunset.

By Ismay's side grew a large bush of southernwood, and as they talked she crushed the leaves in her hands.

To the last day of his life Paul Waldron associated all his sorrows, joys, love, and pains with the perfume of southernwood.

"You have not answered me," he persisted.

"I cannot," she said, laughing; "I have not your faculty for supposing cases. I have not the gift of putting myself in other people's places, and trying to imagine what I should do."

"But, Ismay, the question is so plain, you cannot puzzle long over it. If you had to choose between money and me, which would you prefer?"

"Such a thing can never be," she replied; "why try to make me solve a problem that life will never offer to me? I have read somewhere that people never have the one thing they want—I shall never have a fortune."

"Is a fortune your highest ambition?" he asked, impatiently.

"It is the ambition of most men," she replied. "They toil for it all day, they dream of it all night, they give up peace and love for it, they sacrifice honor, truth, and principle to obtain it; some of them are willing even to sell their souls in order to win it. If I do long for a fortune, I am only like the rest."

He looked terribly disappointed.

"There is nothing in the world you would prefer to me?" he questioned.

And then she detected his anxiety, and laughed again.

"You want pretty compliments, Paul. Suppose that I refuse to give them. Is there anything on earth that wives prefer to their own husbands?"

The eyes raised to his were beautiful in their love and tenderness; he could not look at that most fair face and think the heart beneath it anything but pure. He bent down and kissed it.

"Do not think I doubted you, my darling. I would as soon doubt the mercy of Heaven. It is not that; but, when a man's heart lies in the hollow of a woman's hand—when his life lies at her feet—when every hope of his existence is centred in her—is it strange that he should try at times to measure her love for him?"

The passion of his words—the love in his face—the unutterable tenderness of his manner—touched her deeply. She flung away the bruised and broken sprays of southernwood, and clasped her hands round his neck.

"No one could ever love me as you do, Paul," she said.

And he was happy with unutterable content. Life held much that was sad and much that was pleasant for him, but he never forgot that evening by the brookside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"YES," replied Estelle. "We met him at the ambassador's, and at other places. Lord Sanderson introduced him; my aunt was very kind to him at first.

"How long was this before—before she altered her opinion?"

"It was some time. Nothing was settled—excepting between ourselves—my aunt waited for his father; she would not have it spoken of until he had consented, or I should have told you then. Tempest was to come back."

"Well?"

"Then the—the—it happened—the railway accident and—the other."

"My darling," cried Clara Wilmer, clutching her suddenly, "his name—you have not told me his name!

"Tempest Mervyn."

Clara Wilmer dropped Estelle's hands and fell back as if she had received an electric shock.

Estelle lifted her head proudly, defiantly.

"You—you are against him, too!" she said, rising slowly. "Where can I go?"

Clara Wilmer started up and caught her in her arms.

"Go!" she echoed in a strange, gasping voice which had not yet recovered from the shock of that name, all too familiar in English ears. "My poor darling! My dear child, where should you go away from us? Are you not like our own child? Your trouble is our trouble. This is your home, my dear; your mother would have wished it so. Oh, if you had never left it! If we had only kept you here safe with us!"

"Oh, mother, mother!" wailed Estelle, breaking down utterly as she sobbed out the cry which comes first to one's lips in trouble. "Oh, mother!"

"John, John," cried the Vicar's wife, turning to her refuge—"John, come and speak to her!"

"What is it?" cried the Vicar, opening the room door.

His wife shut it again and told him in a few rapid breathless sentences what had just been told to her.

"What can I say?" exclaimed the husband aghast. "It is a terrible misfortune."

"It is a calamity," echoed Clara.

"She says he is innocent. She loves him, John. Could anything be worse than this?"

"Poor thing!" said the Vicar. "I can't understand it all yet."

Neither of them had a word to say for Tempest Mervyn.

There was no thought with either of them that Estelle might be right when she asserted that he was innocent.

His guilt was a foregone conclusion with them; they had, in common with thousands of others in England, pronounced this unknown young man guilty.

Presumptive evidence was so strong against him.

"It is terrible! It is a calamity!" the Vicar repeated, walking up and down the room with his head dropped dejectedly on his chest.

"Come and speak to her," said his wife again.

"But what am I to say to her?" demanded the husband, shrinking back timorously.

"Tell her," said Clara, "that she must stay with us and forget him."

"Of course she must stay with us," said the Vicar; "but as for forgetting him, why, we had better not say anything about that. It might have the contrary effect, you know."

"Then don't mention him, but come to her—say something; she is in such a state!" cried the lady, who was frightened, anxious, dismayed, all at once. "She may go away again; she talked of it just now."

"She must not go away," cried the Vicar. "I will write to Madame de Rougemont. She has come to us for protection, and she shall have it. Poor child! Poor child! It is very hard on her."

After the first agitated explanation, nothing further passed between Estelle and her friends.

As the young girl calmed and settled back to the peaceful if monotonous life amongst her old friends, the name of Tempest Mervyn was mentioned no more. The Vicar and his wife dared not disturb what had been gained; and Estelle had an instinctive consciousness which kept her proudly silent. He was "misunderstood" here as elsewhere. She would wait until his justification came—a proud and triumphant issue which she never doubted would arive. She would not appeal to her friends on his

behalf; she would not ask anything for him—why should she? She would wait, weary, heart-sickening as the waiting was.

There was no answer to the letter which Mr. Wilmer wrote to Madame de Rougemont announcing that Estelle had placed herself under his and his wife's care. The Vicar had worded his communication as carefully and courteously as possible, thanking madame for all her kind hospitality to Estelle and hinting that, in the complicated and trying circumstances in which the young lady was at the moment placed, perhaps the return to the retirement of her old home and to her old friends was the most advisable arrangement for her, although he regretted that Estelle should have taken the step so suddenly. The state of nervous excitement into which she had fallen would, he trusted, be an excuse for conduct which must have caused madame anxiety and distress.

Estelle also wrote to her aunt, much in the same strain, repeating however her decided rejection of Monsieur de Grandvillier's proposals, and entreating Madame de Rougemont to explain to him that she had been entirely unconscious of his flattering intentions with regard to her or of the length to which the negotiations had gone.

But Madame maintained a dignified silence.

The Vicar shrugged his shoulder at the discourtesy, and excused it on the ground that the lady had certainly some cause for displeasure with her niece, and that it was not extraordinary it should be extended to the friends who received and evidently defended her against madame's outraged authority.

"She renounces her in our favor," said Clara Wilmer. "We promised her mother to watch over her, John; and, now that there are no prior claims of relationship between us and her, we can fulfil our promise. I am glad Madame de Rougemont gave her up. I wish she had remained with us from the beginning. I know it seemed best and most right that she should go; but it has ended so disastrously!"

"Wait for the end," said the Vicar encouragingly. "The tangled skein may unravel itself."

"How can it?" sighed Clara, shaking her head. "The child's life must be ruined; there is no way out of it."

"None that we can see," responded her husband; "but then we such a little way."

"Yes," said Clara. "In the meantime she is safe here with us."

Safe! Yes, and thankful at first for safety. Then the quiet monotonous life began to chafe and fret the wounded heart which wanted something more than rest. Soon it seemed terrible to be sinking, settling down into a helpless, endless routine in which she would drift farther and farther away from the one great desire of her life.

"We are too quiet for her after the gay bright life she has led," Clara Wilmer said. "I must make up my mind to take her out and leave the children more. Here is a card for an afternoon 'At Home' from my old friend Mrs. Paton. We will go; won't we, John?"

"Leave me out," pleaded the Vicar. "This is my holiday."

"Well, I will go, and Estelle. It will be a change, at all events; and—who knows?—she may meet somebody else," began Clara, and then stopped abruptly at a look on her husband's face. Clara did not care to be laughed at by him.

"That is what she wanted—rousing," Mrs. Wilmer said later on, congratulating herself as she saw Estelle's awakened interest. "Too much quiet is a mistake under the circumstances; and some one else may turn up, notwithstanding John."

And Clara Wilmer was right. Mrs. Paton's "At Home" was destined to supply the first link in a chain of circumstances little anticipated by the Vicaress and her unhappy *protegee*.

CHAPTER XVII.

MADAME DE ROUGEMONT was going to take a drive—not that there was much to tempt her abroad in an empty Park, streets sparsely scattered over with such waifs and strays of gentle humanity as were left in London in September, and shops filled with the faded remains of the season's fashions.

"But then she must do something," madame said to herself, with a shrug of utter weariness and disgust at the imbroglio into which she had been drawn.

Her little fiction of indisposition had served its purpose, and might now be given up.

There was no longer any risk of being surprised by Monsieur de Granvilliers—the danger from which her seclusion had been intended to protect her—and the elegant mourning she had ordered from Paris had arrived.

She need therefore be no longer a prisoner. If Monsieur le Duc had not hurried over on the first shock of the announcement she had conveyed to him, there would be no fear of his putting in an appearance now.

And the note couched in terms of profound grief and orthodox despair, which she had received from him was sufficient guarantee that he had accepted her representations in all good faith, and had no intention of offering his condolences in prison.

"Write to me, dear madame," he had concluded, "when you can find yourself less distressed, and give me those details which will have the deepest interest for me.

"And rest assured always of my most profound sympathy in our mutual misfortune."

Thus reassured, and her fears dispersed, madame had leisure to become exasperated at the inconvenience of her own position.

"Not a soul in London, and all England like a desert island to me!" she wailed. "Not a place on the Continent open to me! Wherever I went, I should be sure to meet the Parisian world, curious, prying, and even triumphant.

"No, the only thing to do is to hide myself for this season until the whole affair has blown over.

"When I return to Paris in the late spring or perhaps after summer at Trouville, Monsieur le Duc will probably have married some one else, and it will be indiscreet and in bad taste to allude to failure, or even a sorrow, so far in the past.

"Besides, who will remember so long? Twelve months for a Parisian memory! If only I can endure this intolerable existence!

"It is too early yet for Algeria. As soon as I have found another maid and sent Florine to her hotel—where she can scarcely do any harm—I will try Scarborough for a month. I can hardly meet any French faces there."

In the meantime madame ordered a carriage, and came sweeping downstairs in sulky state, preceded by a couple of waiters bearing her shawls and wraps, and followed by Florine, who, in default of better company, was to sit on the back seat and receive the snubbings which madame's very perceptible ill-humor proclaimed to be imminent.

But, at the last flight of steps commanding the hall, madame suddenly faltered and grew pale.

Recovering herself the next moment, she passed on as if nothing had happened; Florine however wondered that madame held her handkerchief to her lips, as if she had a sudden throb of toothache and feared the draught of air from the open door.

Monsieur Armand was standing in the hall, apparently waiting for some one. Florine instinctively gave a little touch to her ribbons as she discerned the valet.

Madame sailed on, her long sable train trailing behind her. Monsieur Armand bowed low as she passed.

Madame removed the handkerchief from her mouth, and stopped short with a look of surprise.

"Monsieur de Grandvilliers is here!" she said. "When did Monsieur le Duc arrive?"

"Pardon, madame," corrected the valet, "Monsieur le Duc has not been able to travel so far at this time. He is occupied with the most urgent affairs. He remains always in Paris."

"And you?" questioned madame.

"I am in London, since madame is so good as to inquire, to amuse myself only. Monsieur le Duc has granted me leave of absence for fifteen days," replied the valet respectfully. "I return next week, if madame has any commission with which to charge me."

Madame glanced once at Florine as she seated herself in the carriage. She noted a little conscious look and a coquettish toss of the maid's head in the direction of the hotel door, where Monsieur Armand stood, hat in hand.

Madame's brow, which had contracted as she turned her back upon the valet, cleared again.

"To amuse himself with Florine? Possibly that may be all," she decided. "He may have heard of the courier, and perhaps hurried over to prefer his claims.

"That even has its danger," madame said to herself. "And Florine is coquette to the tips of her fingers, although I suppose she is in earnest with the courier. Bah! Why should I mix myself up with these vulgar amours?"—impatiently. "What does it matter.

"She will marry the Englishman with the hotel, of course. And in the meantime she may flirt with the Frenchman and gossip of my affairs and ruin the plans which have cost me so much! My next maid shall be as ugly as sin and as old as the hills!" vowed madame irritably—madame who had been wont to declare that she could be attended, like the goddess of beauty herself, only by youth and beauty.

Then she countermanded her first order to the coachman and bade him drive to the Soho Bazaar instead. Here she left Florine in the carriage whilst she transacted some business, which appeared to be tolerably satisfactory, for she returned with a lightened brow, and was even gracious to Florine for the rest of the drive. On one pretext or another she kept the maid in close attendance upon her during the whole evening and up to a late hour at night.

If Monsieur Armand had lingered below in hopes of an interview, he must have been disappointed.

Florine had scarcely time to snatch a hasty meal, for madame was more exacting and capricious than usual; and the little Frenchwoman, as she retired, weary and dispirited, to her night's repose, could only console herself with the thought that her term of bondage was drawing to a close.

Release was nearer than she supposed. Madame summoned her early in the morning to announce that she had engaged her new maid and had made her arrangements for leaving London immediately. Her interest in Florine and a certain responsibility which she felt, as having been the means of bringing her to a foreign country, made her wish to see her safely settled before her own departure, and on that point madame would see Mr. Brown; Florine might send for him at once.

To be married off-hand, without any more delightful courtship, without time for coy excuses or coquettish delays, took Florine's breath away. But she had no home to be married from in her own country, and madame's goodness provided the wedding feast and smoothed all difficulties, and it was something to be able to crush Monsieur Armand with a view of her triumph.

Mr. Brown was radiantly content with the arrangement. He had just returned from the hotel in the west, where the widow was impatient to give up her post, and where the full season being now on, it was imperative that he should at once take the command. He had intended to press for an early day, and madame's plans exactly and most felicitously fitted into his own. With a good grace Florine could yield the point to his eager representations. In the fulness of his joy Mr. Brown, meeting Monsieur Armand on leaving madame's presence, invited him to assist on the happy occasion as a compatriot and friend of the bride.

Madame had judged rightly that the flutter and flurry of the next two or three days would leave no margin for the kind of gossip she dreaded. But she had not calculated on Monsieur de Grandvillier's valet being a guest at the wedding, or on the general expansiveness of heart and tongue which the influence of champagne and happiness combined might induce. This last consideration had however by no means been left out of Monsieur Armand's programme on the occasion.

He was willing to sigh and pose in the character of a disappointed suitor, to swell Madame Brown's triumph if she chose; but, in return for thus gratifying her, he intended to gain something—the information which he was perfectly aware he had been sent to England to obtain.

He had made two or three reconnoissances in the dangerous direction already; but he had always been quickly met and driven back by Mademoiselle Florine's tact and skill.

Monsieur Armand's leave of absence was drawing to a close, with nothing to show for it.

It behooved him therefore to concentrate all his forces upon this last opportunity.

Meanwhile Florine's momentary misgivings had been lulled to rest.

Madame's kindness had arrived at its climax, nothing had been demanded of Florine—no betrayal of trust of confidence, nothing but the simple silence which she was only too ready to preserve.

She had misjudged madame; she had, after all, a good heart, and was honestly interested in the happiness of others.

Had she not been like an angel of goodness to Florine? And for this dear mademoiselle—ah, well, Florine could not think that madame had been good to her! But then there might have been reasons; and, when one is no longer young, one prefers a duke to a simple monsieur naturally.

In the plenitude of her contentment at her own prospects Florine could find it in her heart to excuse madame, even whilst she thought pensively and tenderly of mademoiselle.

If only she could know that mademoiselle was well and happy like herself! Florine had a great longing, just at the crisis of her own story, to know so much of that other young girl, whose history, despite their difference of rank, seemed to have run on almost parallel lines to her own.

She dared not ask madame a question on the subject; one or two hints on which she had ventured had been entirely ignored; and she knew that no letters ever passed between madame and her niece. Mademoiselle was evidently still in disgrace with her aunt.

Florine pleased herself with a little dream as a sort of consolation to her faithful heart for the absence of all information.

Some day there would come to her hotel a lady and gentleman, young, beautiful, and distinguished.

With mysterious and gratified looks, Mr. Brown would summon her from her parlor. She would come to receive those strangers, as she believed and lo, it would be mademoiselle and her husband! What a mutual surprise! What a delight for Florine! Then there would be a tableau, where the beau monsieur would take madame la propriétaire's hand and make a little speech about his gratitude for the service she had once rendered him, and mademoiselle would smile through her tears and congratulate Florine on her good fortune and her happiness.

And monsieur and madame would remain as guests at the hotel, and would all the time treat the proprietors with the most gracious distinction.

And Florine would take occasion to speak of Madame de Rougemont's liberality and goodness, and, in the end, be the means of reconciling the two ladies together.

These were the visions which amused the bride-elect as she packed madame's trunks or arranged her own wedding-finery. Poor little thing!

She was all in a flutter of love and happy triumph, and she had forgotten all about Monsieur Armand, excepting as a spectator and one with a piquant little personal interest in the approaching grand sensation-scene of her life.

He behaved extremely well; he brought the bride a lovely bouquet and an elegant present of French jewelry; his manner had just the right blending of resigned despair for Florine's eyes alone and of cordial good comradeship for Mr. Brown's.

He pledged the bride and bridegroom in flattering terms and flowery language, and alluded gracefully to the former acquaintance which entitled him to speak thus. He threw the faintest possible tinge of pensive sentiment into the expressive eyes which sought Madame Brown's for an instant at this point, and he grasped the courier's hand, a l'Anglaise, with demonstrative friendship as he sat down again after his speech.

"Mon Dieu, our last meeting was in very different circumstances!" said he, laughing gaily. "Do you remember the diligence on the mountain-road, the darkness, and the precipices and the miserable German coward who had fear of it all? That was a sufficiently uncomfortable journey, it must be confessed!"

"It was one of the most satisfactory I ever made nevertheless," answered Mr. Brown, warmed by the wine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

FACTS.—The keeping of Christmas was forbidden during the Commonwealth.—When Chinese babies are a month old, they have their heads shaved for the first time.

THE GROOM.—One reason given for the old-fashioned name of bridegroom was that the newly-married man by custom had to wait at table on his bride and friends on his wedding-day.

A SUPERSTITIOUS AUTHOR.—Victor Hugo admits to a weakness in the matter of some superstitious notions. He contributes to the literature of the "thirteen at table" one or two rather startling examples. His son died soon after attending a dinner-party at which that fateful number sat down and in 1849 he himself gave a dinner-party at which thirteen persons formed the guests, and more than half of them died before the close of the year.

ELECTRIC PEOPLE.—Virgil tells us that the hair of Ascanius, the reputed ancestor of Julius Cæsar, emitted a harmless flame. Servius Tullius moreover was said to have shot sparks out of his locks at the precocious age of seven. It is likewise recorded that Cassandra Buri, who lived at Verona a couple of centuries ago, was unable to sleep in linen sheets because of the fire emitted from her body on getting into bed. Such were the crackling and blazing, that her maids often fancied they had dropped live cinders out of the warming pan into the bed.

THE WEARING OF MOURNING.—The wearing of black at a wedding was formerly considered so ominous of evil that people in mourning either stayed away from the ceremony or put off their sombre habiliments for the occasion. The appearance of an innocent black pin has been known to create fearful dismay among the wedding-guests. This prejudice is fast disappearing from among intelligent people. Black toilets are often worn at the ceremony now, and no one supposes ill luck to the bride will be the dire result of such an unfortunate choice of color.

A CURIOUS LAW.—The laws of Denmark contain one which it would probably be as difficult to find in the criminal code of other nations as in our own common law, or any other statute amending the same. It provides a punishment for that especially revolting form of cruelty which consists in allowing a fellow-creature to perish without extending to him a helping hand. A mere act of omission in certain cases is indictable. "Whoever has refused," says the Danish law, "to help another person in mortal danger, when he could have done so without peril to his own life, and that person has perished in consequence, is liable to either imprisonment or fine."

A GALLIC BLOWHARD.—The Paris [illegible] relates a queer story of a Parisian adventurer who makes a decent living by torturing the nerves of his neighbors. He hires an apartment at a rent of three of four thousand francs, obtains a lease of three, six, or nine years, and then begines to play on the trombone. At first he plays an hour night and morning, then when the neighbors begin to complain he plays two hours, and so goes on gradually until he plays from eight o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night. By that time the landlord or the tenants have offered him a sufficient pecuniary inducement to sacrifice his lease, and the trombone player departs and begins his trick elsewhere.

FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—Was George Washington the first President of the United States. Congress met on March 4, 1789, in New York, and the Senate organized April 6, electing Thomas Langdon president for the purpose of opening and counting the votes for President of the United States. The House had organized April 1 by choosing Frederick A. Muhlenburg, and in joint session Congress counted the electoral votes April 6 and announced the election of George Washington and John Adams. Official notification was sent to both, and Adams appeared April 21, took his place in the chair of the Senate, and made a speech accepting the office to which he had been chosen. Washington did not appear and qualify until the 30th. The point for discussion is whether Adams was not a nine-days' President.

THE "FAREWELL SYMPHONY."—Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" is a melodious work the jest of which consists in each performer, as he finishes his part, solemnly blowing out his candle and quitting the orchestra. The movement is, of course, so arranged that one by one the parts leave off, till at last the first violin and the conductor alone remain. The violin, in his turn, leaves, and the conductor suddenly wakes up to the fact that he is conducting an empty orchestra. The origin of the work was this. Prince Esterhazy, who kept out of his private purse an orchestra at his country seat, in Hungary, got tired of the expense, and told Haydn he would do without the orchestra; and Haydn wrote this leave-taking piece, in which all the poor discharged musicians blew out each his candle and departed, in order to touch the heart of the Prince and make him reconsider his resolution. The effect was such that Haydn reached the result he aimed at; and the Prince, moved by the scene, retained the band.

HER GLOVE.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

Not a love of a glove, to be sure,
Is this glove she wore—
Nor one of which poets would sing
In a rapturous strain,
The like of which never was seen
Before nor again.
'Tis a glove that is roomy enough
For a wide-open hand—
No mere badge of etiquette
By false refinement plan'd;
Not outlined, as when 'tis a fit,
Are the fingers so fair,
But Charity findeth in it
Room and to spare.

Surely the glove of gloves
Is this glove she will wear;
No, not exactly so—
It is one of a pair.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XLVI.—[CONTINUED]

BOTH were sadly changed since they had met last. Julia was pale and worn; and Hugh's brow bore deep lines, the result of the crimes and the sufferings, the suspense and the trials, that he had endured. Still the features were unchanged. Julia's dignified, graceful figure still gave evidence of unusual beauty; and Hugh had not lost all his manly grace. And yet how debased, how guilty, and desperate a look was on his features as he gazed at Julia!

"You here!" she said, shivering; "you here, Hugh Fleming? How dare you haunt this place? Wretched man, begone! this is no fit place for you."

"At least it is as fit for me as for the base and cowardly deceiver, the betrayer, the sensual profligate, whom you preferred to me, Julia Courtenay," he replied, bitterly. "Do you remember your words of scorn when you rejected me? Do you remember when you said you could not trust or love a rose like poor Hugh? And then you gave your hand to the husband of another—to a bigamist; and the career of Julia Courtenay, the proud, the beautiful, the fastidious heiress, ended thus: she wedded a man that never loved her, the husband of another, who spent every sixpence of her fortune, her jewels, her every belonging, while he despised the weak, unloved fool, who gave them. Yes, I was well avenged then; and still better, when your worshiped husband stood in the felon's dock, and his own son would not even vouchsafe a look, a word of recognition. Oh yes, it has been a worthy, a rare revenge! And now I am come to bid a farewell to this brave 'lost love of mine,' and to leave you to all the degradation and misery I have prepared for you; and to tell you, and through you, him, that it is my work—that I swore to be revenged on him the day that he boasted he had won your gold, and that he fixed on you and himself a brand of infamy that cannot be effaced."

Julia had listened to the rapidly-spoken tirade with a downcast, shivering mien. The shock had been so great as to deprive her of her usual self-possession. She still felt the influences of early years; she could not forget that the unhappy, guilty man before her, had the same blood in his veins as her own—that his mother had been the sister of her father, and that her own rash and proudly-spoken words had done much to condemn him to misery. At last she raised her head, and looked at him with eyes that spoke more of pity than hate.

"Hugh, she said, and her voice, sweet and low, thrilled the guilty man with a strange power; "Hugh, if I have done you injury, forgive me. I have suffered, and repented the haughty words that should at least have been more gently spoken. But it is hard, very hard, to pardon the deep and foul wrongs that you have inflicted on me, and on the man you called friend—the man I so dearly loved, and still love. He is innocent, as the law has proved, of the crime which you yourself had tried, with fiendish ingenuity, to fix upon him. And I, too, am stainless in the sight of Heaven, and even of all just men. If Reginald Glanville has erred deeply, he has repented deeply; and you, unhappy man, strive also to repent, ere it be too late. Let the rest of your life be spent in efforts to retrieve the past; and if my forgiveness avail aught, it is yours."

"Mine," he repeated, fiercely, "mine! It is indeed much to forgive. You blighted my life for the sake of a man who was already the husband of another, and now you talk of forgiveness—you, the disgraced——"

"Liar!" exclaimed Jasper Talbot, entering the summer-house at this moment, "liar, villain, perjurer! You know that the noble woman you have so deeply injured is my father's lawful wife. You know that my own dear, injured mother was in her grave ere the vows were pronounced that gave your cousin to your friend. Base wretch! were it not for the presence of this lady, you should not leave this spot alive."

Julia had listened silently and attentively to Jasper's words, but now she gave a faint scream and darted forwards.

Another moment, and the contents of a revolver would have been in Jasper's bosom, but Julia's sudden movement had so far disturbed the aim that the bullet lodged in the trellis-work immediately behind him.

"Go, base wretch, go!" cried Jasper, snatching the weapon from the hands of the baffled murderer. "If your life is of any value to you, go quickly. I will not have the crime or the shame on my head of taking your life."

Hugh turned on him a furious yet troubled glance. He lingered one moment, as if reluctant to leave his hated victims to one gleam of comfort and happiness, and was turning slowly away, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and two tall, powerful men stood before him.

"Hugh Fleming," said the foremost, "you are our prisoner."

Strong hands were laid on either arm, but even those experienced officers scarcely knew the strength of a desperate and reckless man. With a sudden bound he dashed off their grasp, and fled toward the woods.

It was a terrible race—a race for life and liberty. Hugh bounded along with the superhuman strength of despair. Still, they were powerful, determined men; and with a step as rapid as and firmer than his, they pursued him on his course. A few yards more, and he would have gained the wood, where his superior knowledge of its intricacies might have afforded him some chance of escape, and he knew it. His fainting energies were rallied to the utmost; a moment more, and he would have disappeared from their sight. But it was not to be. Even as he touched the foremost boughs of the nearest trees, his pursuers stood beside him.

"You must come with us; it is no use contending," they said. "It will be the worse for you. We must use force if you will not come quietly."

Like a sudden panorama before the eyes of a drowning man, the future swept before the wretched criminal's eyes—fetters, the prison cell, the trial and conviction, the jeers, the triumph of his enemies, the penalty of the law, the long degrading punishment. That which he had planned for another was to him intolerable, unbearable.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "Never! I defy you. Take me if you will; but this ——"

Suddenly snatching another pistol from his coat-pocket, he leveled it at his own heart, and with a death-groan of mortal agony, fell senseless at their feet.

The soul of the suicide had passed into the presence of its Maker.

The lifeless form of Hugh Fleming was borne into the house where his revenge had been vowed, where his love and his hate, his resolution and his selfish ambition, had first dawned. And Julia shed tears on his ghastly corpse. His sins were forgotten in his terrible fate, and above all, in the joy and humble truthfulness of the one great blessing that Jasper's words had announced, that she was "Reginald's lawful wife—his loved and honored wife."

CHAPTER XLVII.

HILDA awoke from that long, long trance to a bewildered sense of her new and strange position. Her senses were bewildered. She knew not where she was. What had brought her there? Whose hand had rescued her from the death that a second time had appeared to threaten her? A dim consciousness of misery was all that weighed on her mind on first awaking. She scarcely could recall why or wherefor. She hardly comprehended the events that had preceded her illness. She only knew that she was alone in a strange place, and most wretched.

She opened her eyes in the bright morning light. The room was all unknown to her. The small apartment, the plainly papered walls, and the rustic simplicity of the furniture were all unlike the graceful elegance of Madame Courton's arrangements, on which her eyes had last opened after that night's troubled sleep, which had preceded her departure from "The Nest." True, that well-remembered room had been small in comparison with the rooms at Arden Court or at Springdale. But then the appointments were so graceful, the flowers, the light furniture, the simple hangings had been so bright and cheerful. This room looked cold and cheerless. Yet she was in a comfortable bed; the blinds and curtains were carefully drawn, care seemed to have been taken to prevent every sound that could interrupt her slumbers. Yes, it was an agreeable change.

Hilda raised herself, but her head was giddy, and she felt faint and sick, as if with long fasting and heavy sleep. She looked round. She was alone, but the door was ajar, as if to ensure her being heard should she move, and the sound of strange voices was in her ears. But there came one that brought old associations like a tide over her mind. A voice that was associated with her early happy days, with her beloved guardian, and with all that had been happy and loving in her whole life. It was the voice of Josiah Blunt. She could scarcely believe it, yet it was a truth. She listened intently again and again, till she was certain, and could even catch the words—"Yes, Miss Hilda is wronged, of that I'm certain, Mrs. Deane, and your nephew and I are going to see into it." Then came the faint voice of the dying woman, "Heaven grant it, Josiah—Heaven grant it."

A thrill of delight ran through Hilda's frame, but quickly passed away as all the past events came back on her mind. Her father—her disgraced father! To what avail would riches be to her—the child of shame, the child of a felon? What could riches avail in such degradation? They could not purchase a good name; they could not make her a fitting wife for Sir Guy Capel—they could not bring honor to her dead mother.

The flush died from Hilda's face, and she sank back in sadness and heart sickness. But some slight noise she had made had aroused her watchful nurses, and she heard footsteps ascending the staircase and entering her room.

It was a well-known face that met Hilda's—the kindly face of Dr. Knowles. He approached the bed and took the little hand that lay on the warm coverlet.

"Well, my dear, come back to us again?" said he. "How do you feel now?"

"Better—yes, much better," she said faintly; "I must get up. I have a long journey to take. I feel quite well now."

"Yes, quite, of course," said the doctor. "But you will not long remain so, my child if you do not submit to rational guidance. Come, lie down again and let me talk to you a little. I am not going to leave my little patient again in such a hurry. You are born to live a good many happy days yet."

"I am not sure that I ought to thank you for saving me," she replied sadly; "only it would be so ungrateful for your care. But it would be better, far better if I were out of this world. I bring nothing but trouble and grief wherever I go."

"Nonsense, child!" said the doctor. "You do not know what is in store for you, yet. You have at least one true and devoted knight sworn to your service, who will never forsake you."

Hilda's face flushed. For a moment she thought that Sir Guy Capel had perhaps discovered her retreat, and that indeed he was persisting in his generous suit.

"Oh, it is scarcely enough to bring the color to your cheeks," said the doctor, smilingly. "It is a very humble, but a very devoted swain, who shows gratitude, and zeal, and bravery, worthy of a higher and more talented man. It is your old protege, Josiah Blunt."

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said Hilda faintly, "I know his true nature. Is he here, doctor? And where am I, really? I know it is near Arden Court, but I can scarcely call to mind this cottage."

"Oh, one to which you have almost an hereditary right," said the doctor. "It is Mrs. Deane, the sister of your old friend, who owns it; but unfortunately she is in a hopeless state, and very near her end, I fear. Still she is sensible enough to know you are here, and to rejoice that you are returned to your natural home—your birthplace."

A bitter thought came over the mind of Hilda.

"Pity," said she, "that I entered a birthplace: pity that I was ever born." But the impiety and ingratitude of the feeling at once came back to her right mind, and she said sadly, "She is very kind, and so are you, doctor, but it is a very melancholy place for me, after all. And I only came to give one last glance at my mother's grave, ere I went on a sadder duty. I must go, doctor, at once; indeed, I must."

"Not till it is safe, nor till you have told me what is your destination and your errand," was the firm reply.

"Remember, I brought you into the world and I have a kind of paternal right over you."

The girl shivered. The word "paternal" was one that brought a crowd of painful ideas to her mind.

The doctor saw it, and partly guessed the cause.

"My dear child," he said, gently, "confide in me. You must know that I was your guardian's true and old friend, and that you can trust me with even a secret that might be painful and inexpedient to reveal to any other person.

"You may rely on my discretion; and believe me that I will not act on what you may confide in me without your permission."

Hilda paused. The circumstances of the whole painful story; her father's infamy, her mother's wrongs, her own desolate state were indeed humiliating to relate.

But what had she to do with pride?—she, the penniless, obscure outcast, the daughter of the felon, the nameless dependant on the care and goodness of others.

What right had she to feel pride, or reluctance to accept the kindly sympathy, the proffered aid of the worthy man, who had known her from her infancy?

But at the very moment that she was about to open to him the tale of her whole griefs, a voice was heard calling to him from below.

The doctor went hastily down the stairs, and Hilda could distinguish the quick, low moans, the confusion, the lamentings that ensued.

It was clear to her that the good woman was worse—perhaps dying—at the very time when she was yielding to the mental and bodily suffering she had endured.

Hilda sprang up; her brave spirit mastered the bodily weakness that oppressed her; and ere many minutes her toilette was complete, and her uncertain, faltering footsteps were on the stairs.

She expected to see the doctor bending over the sick bed of the dying woman, whom she well recalled to her remembrance in earlier and happier days, as having been the guest of the good old housekeeper at Arden Court; and she went eagerly, but timidly, to the half-open door of the room.

Mrs. Deane was calmly reclining on the bed where she had lain for many a long week, her face pale and wasted, but still animated with some peculiar and unusual interest, that gave a degree of thought and brightness to the dull, vacant eyes, and brought a tinge of color to her face.

By her side was a young man, whom Hilda afterwards knew to be her nephew, and at the foot of the bed a young woman who had waited on her since her illness. But Dr. Knowles had gone; and even Josiah was not there.

Hilda stood for a few minutes gazing at the group ere they perceived her presence. Then she advanced into the room.

"I am grieved to see you so ill, Mrs. Deane," she said, in soft, gentle tones.

"Miss Hilda—dear young lady!" said the old woman, a flush coming to her haggard face.

"Ah! I remember you now," she continued, after a momentary gaze; "yes, I know you now. You are very little changed: only paler and thinner, and grown, too. But why are you up, dear lady? Dr. Knowles said you were to wait till he came back."

"Come back? said Hilda. "Is he gone, then?"

"Yes, Miss Hilda—gone to your old home to Arden Court," she replied. "Miss Avice (that is, Mrs. Henry, I should say) is taken ill, and sent for him suddenly; and Josiah, the half-wit, is gone with him."

"And I will follow, aunt, now that Miss Hilda is better," said the young man; "but as to 'half-wit,' there's two words to that. In my thinking, Jos has got as much wit as most folks in many things, and more in some, and so I expect it will turn out. I will not be long; and when I come back I may perhaps bring you some news."

"One minute," said Hilda, detaining him. "Is Miss Avice very ill?

"You mean Mrs. Henry," said he. "Maybe you didn't know that she had married the doctor that was sent for to your poor guardian; and a wretched life she had of it ever since, as I suspect."

Hilda's first impulse was to desire to accompany him, to learn the real state of her who had so deeply injured her; to revisit the scenes of her youth; to pardon, in that hour of suffering, the wrong done to her. Then the idea of the cold, callous Avice, of the reception she might meet with, of the new position in which she should revisit every spot chilled her sudden impulse. Her ties there lay with the dead, not with the living.

Phillip, Bessie, her own dear mother, lay in the grave-yard which had so nearly been her own death-bed.

There she might cling, secure of love that would welcome her, could those cold ashes speak.

But Arden Court, Avice—no! There was no welcome there, and she could not visit it as an alien and a dependant.

Hilda's strength was beginning to fail her again, now that the momentary impulse and excitement were over; and she sat down in Mrs. Deane's large easy chair, and sank gradually into a sort of dream-like slumber, while the old woman rested quietly on her pillow.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AFTER that dreadful thunderstorm Mrs. Henry had passed a troubled, restless night.

Her sleep was fitful and unrefreshing: her dreams wretched, and her waking scarcely less distressing.

There are dreams from which it is a happiness to wake and find that the wretchedness, the horror, the misery, was all a phantom creation of the brain.

There are delicious dreams from which the waking is a pain. The sweet visions are so perfect a realization of all that could be wished as the most delightful state on earth, that they seem given for a brief moment, only to give a tantalizing taste of what happiness could be, even in this world.

But Avice's were neither of these. They were dull, troubled, anxious, wretched horrors; visions of those long gone, of days long past, of meeting those deeply injured—the account to be given of the trust submitted to her.

Then came darker presages—visions of punishment, detection, and disgrace; of wealth and station stripped from her—that had been but a vain mockery, a living wretchedness, and yet to which she clung with the frantic attachment of a selfish heart.

Yes, there are natures that would be rather wretched with wealth and luxury, than happy in the humble ranks of life. Such was Avice's nature.

It was a strange anomaly, for she felt a species of remorse gnawing at her heart, a mortal hatred of her chains, and of him who had inflicted them; and yet, with all, she would have shrunk from the fear of losing herself, and escaping, with a frantic, morbid horror. That which she had sinned deeply to gain, she would suffer deeply rather than lose.

Avice woke from her dreams and her slumbers with a feeling of wretchedness strangely compounded of remorse, and anger, and of fear, lest the ill gotten gains should be taken away from her. Some presentiment of evil came over her, for which she could not account.

The terrors of the night had passed away: the morning rose calm, though somewhat gray, after the night's tempest. All was quiet and still, all, save Avice's own heart. At last the usual summons came, and her maid's light tap made her start with a shudder. The daily circumstance shook her nerves. There appeared something ominous in the sharp, sudden tap, the noiseless tread, that was yet part of every morning's routine. The face of her maid actually attracted her keen scrutiny: she fancied that the girl examined her face with furtive gaze; that she moved about uneasily, as if something was on her mind; that she spoke with a species of restraint, as if she had some tidings to communicate. And yet she would not ask. How could she? Why should she? It must excite suspicion, and yet this strange fever in her brain could not be repressed. Was she going mad, that these ceaseless terrors haunted her mind? That ceaseless terror was unbearable. At last she spoke, with a faint attempt at careless indifference.

"Is Dr. Henry down stairs yet, Harrison?"

"No, madam, I think not," was the reply.

"Then I suppose it is not late. Is that

clock right?" she asked, looking at the timepiece on the chimneypiece, that pointed to half-past nine.

"I think that is right madam," replied the maid; "at least, the postman had not been when I came to you, and he is generally here at nine."

"Then the letters have not come," she continued.

"No, madam," was the reply.

"And no one, of course, has been here?" she asked.

The servant looked astonished; but she replied, "Only tradesmen, madam, I suppose."

Avice breathed more freely. Yet wherefore? What had she to expect, to fear, from either letters or visitors? Then why should their absence bring either terror or relief? She could assume her usual tone now.

"I shall breakfast in the boudoir, Harrison," she said. "Let Dr. Henry know, if he inquires, that I am not quite well. I have slept badly; I do not care to see any one."

"Very well," said the servant.

The morning's toilette was finished with the usual care, for Avice was very fastidious in her dress now — perhaps from a wish to supply the ravages of time perhaps because she chose to use to the utmost the gifts and possessions for which she had sacrificed so much. Therefore, it was a somewhat prolonged business, even in the morning hour and for a boudoir breakfast.

The still abundant hair was very carefully arranged; the graceful morning wrapper coquettishly placed on the well-proportioned figure; and the slight defects on the skin, and the dawning lines on the face, were remedied by the application of the arts known to the perfumer and the lady's-maid.

Thus when she had left her dressing-room, and repaired to the boudoir, she appeared, as she really was, a remarkably well-preserved woman, of at least five years less than her real age, and of no ordinary attractions. Fair, calm, well-dressed, she looked a fitting tenant enough for the luxurious room in which she took her station, albeit, not such a one as the beautiful Hilda, in her youth, her beauty, and her innocence, would have appeared.

Avice threw herself into an easy chair, and mused deeply during the few minutes that elapsed before the entrance of the maid with the breakfast-tray.

With an effort to shake off at last the nightmare that oppressed her, Avice began to eat, or at least to taste the viands set before her. But the first cup of tea was only half finished when a light tap at the door again betokened the entrance of the maid.

"If you please, madam, a person—a gentleman wants to see you."

It is an evil sign when the announcement of anything that is in the least out of the usual order of things causes distress and alarm. Either the nervous system must be out of order, or there is some especial cause for the disturbance; and Avice Henry might well have pleaded guilty to both these indictments. Her face paled, and her voice was strangely agitated and trembling.

"Is it any one you know, Harrison? How is it that you allow any one to disturb me at such an hour? Why did you not say I was not well?"

"I did, madam," replied the maid; "but he said his business was urgent, and that you would see him at once if you knew what he wanted."

"It is gross impertinence," said Avice, paling yet more. "You ought to know better than to permit me to be disturbed by such insolent intrusion. Am I to be at the mercy of any one who chooses to send for me?"

"I am very sorry, madam," said Harrison looking perfectly composed under the reproof, "but I acted for the best. I could not tell what might be the young man's errand, and, after what he said, I thought you might choose to see him."

"It is generally troublesome when domestics choose to think for themselves," said Avice, wincing under the half-veiled insinuation; "but still, as you have so far compromised me, I suppose I had better see this person." She thought for a minute or two, then said, "Tell him that I am very far from well; that I never see strangers without some idea of their business; but that if he gives me some hint (in writing) what his errand may be, I will see him for a few minutes. Give him writing materials if he wants them, and come back at once. And not prying, you understand, or your place will not be worth an hour."

The maid disappeared, and it was scarcely five minutes ere she returned. A small slip of paper was in her hand, so curiously twisted, that even the suspicious eye of her mistress could hardly imagine that any inquisitive eyes had seen its contents. It ran thus:

"The writer's business relates to the affairs of the late Philip Arden. It will be advisable for Mrs. Henry to see him without delay."

Avice's cheeks were pale before, but the ashy hue that came over them now was corpse-like.

The cup that she held fell from her hand, and lay in fragments on the floor.

Then the lips parted, and the low accents said:

"Show him here, and let no one come."

"No one, madam?" repeated Harrison; "not my master?"

"No one," said Avice. "If Dr. Henry asks for me, say I am lying down, and cannot be seen."

Harrison disappeared, but soon returned, and an additional tread was heard that made the unhappy woman's heart beat with spasmodic violence.

Soon the door opened, and a man of about thirty-five years of age entered.

His bow was courteous, but freezingly cold, as he took the chair placed for him.

"We must not be interrupted, madam," said he.

"Leave us, Harrison," said her mistress, "and take care that no one comes."

The maid obeyed, and they were alone.

Then the man arose, looked round the room, went to the door, turned the key, and Avice gave a faint scream.

"Do not be alarmed, madam," said he, "I merely wish to prevent interruption for your own sake. You can scarcely suppose that I have any other motive. Your servants are within call. You can reach that bell in less than a second. And most certainly I could accomplish nothing by showing you any violence. But I should, for your own sake, regret that you should be exposed to envious eyes and ears. It is justice, not vengeance, that I am come to exact."

The unhappy woman quailed, but still strove to brave the impending storm.

"I do not understand you," she said. "It is language which I am not accustomed to hear."

"Perhaps not," replied the man, "but it is in mercy to you that I use it. It will save much time and pain, too, if we come to the point, Mrs. Henry. I am in possession of facts that implicate you in a fearful crime. The question is simply whether these details shall be exposed or not; and I advise you, I will not say as a friend, but as one who has pity on a woman, and a lady, to listen quietly to what I have to say, and accept with humility the counsel I have to offer."

"But I did not," said Avice: "I cannot—I—I——"

Her quivering lips grew cold and pale; the accents died away, and she sank back on the pillows.

"Mrs. Henry," said her visitor, looking half-pityingly at her, "take my advice. Try to collect yourself, and, if possible, avoid any exposure."

The calm, determined air of the stranger soon brought her to herself.

"Mrs. Henry, listen!" he continued; "the woman who could do the deed that I know you have committed should have more strength and firmness than you exhibit, when the moment of detection comes. There is no alternative now. All depends now on yourself, on your calmness, and your prudence. I tell you that there may be some chance for you if you are wise—none, if you are weak and obstinate in your folly."

She seemed now to comprehend him.

She rose from her chair, tried to steady herself, then sank back again, and closed her eyes.

"A moment," she said; "I shall be better then."

She evidently made a strong effort, and the stranger waited for some three or four minutes, and gazed round the room in a sort of pitying wonder and admiration.

Yes, he mentally confessed, it was hard to lose and leave such luxuries as these.

And yet how wretched had she been in their possession!

At last Avice gave a long, deep sigh, and opened her eyes.

"Now," she said; "now."

"Mrs. Henry," he said, drawing his chair nearer to hers. "I could scarcely need better proof of the truth of all that I know to have occurred, than this excessive agitation. But I will not take advantage of it. I will but quietly state to you what I am prepared to prove. And it will be well if you can so far command yourself as to listen to my statement with composure; then I will hear anything you have to say."

Avice bowed her assent, and he rose from his chair, and went towards the door and listened for a few seconds, but all was quiet without.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHEN the strange visitor of Arden Court resumed his seat by the side of Mrs. Henry he made the following statement, to which she listened nervously, but attentively:

"It will be as well, madam, first to inform you, that I am a lawyer's managing clerk, and that it will be easy for me to place the affair in my principal's hands, if I find it necessary; but I am unwilling to risk the scandal and exposure if I can persuade you to be reasonable and wise.

"I say nothing of justice, or of penitence; that does not belong to our profession to inculcate.

"This understood, we will at once go to business.

"My tale will be a brief one, and the personages in it you can well identify without my running the risk of mentioning names.

"About two years since the owner of this property was in an extremely delicate state of health.

"It had come on him unawares; and, indeed, as often happens, the realization of death was so gradual, that his final arrangements were not made till the rapid decay of strength warned him to prepare for his end.

"He had made a will some years before; but one longer, more complex, and elaborate, than was needed now; more especially as one of the principal legatees was dead.

"So he sensibly imitated the example of some one of our greatest lawyers, and drew up a brief and simple testament, which disposed of large property in a few lines.

"And, as often happens also, a presentiment of his approaching end seems to have seized him on the evening of his death. Just after he had glanced over this brief testament.

"It was unfortunate for himself, unfortunate for the innocence of some, and for the justice of others, for it gave a greater chance of the committal of the crime in question.

"The will—the brief document—lay on the escritoire in his room.

"The relative, who should have guarded him and his from any intrusion in his last moments, came in his absence and copied the document, with a slight alteration in the time, and a total displacement of the names of the legatees.

"Then she tore up the original, doubtless imagining that every fragment was destroyed; but she was mistaken.

"The deed, if not actually watched in its commission, was seen after it was done.

"The pen was yet wet; the fragments lay on the floor.

"But what is still more strange, the person who found it is one who has the faculty of distinguishing the slightest difference in handwriting, and could swear that the paper passed as the original was only a forgery."

Avice shivered; but her spirit was still the same,—grasping, hard, and selfish; and she made a desperate effort to brave the whole.

"This is too idle a tale," she said. "The whole scene, even if accurately described, is so easily explained, that I wonder a lawyer could even think it worthy of this ostentatious announcement. Let us take it as you relate. Grant that my cousin did burn his will, and write another on that night, and that the original was torn up, and that the pen was wet: all points to him, not to——. Yes," she said, after a slight pause: "I will not affect to misunderstand what you mean to imply. I will say plainly that to me Mr. Arden doubtless wished to make some change, and that change was, singularly enough, effected but a few hours, or minutes perhaps, before his death. Such is the easy solution of this absurd mystery and pompous prelude."

The young man had no look of defeated annoyance in his face; he only looked somewhat disgusted at the pale yet determined features of that hardened sinner.

"I am sorry, madam," said he, "that you take this tone. It is imposing on me a yet more painful task, and also deepening your own crime, and I fear your punishment.

"Once more I would urge you to be wise in time.

"If you are willing to repent, or to make some restitution of your ill-gotten wealth, I believe I may safely promise you immunity from exposure and punishment, and even the sum that I believe was originally intended for you by your relative.

"The thousand that you want immediately shall be given to you, and that will at least save you from any actual distress."

"And you would wish me to throw away as many thousands a-year as you would offer me in exchange for a supposed crime?" said the woman bitterly. "No, if you had proof, that I might consider whether to try validity, or to maintain my own innocence and rights; but, as it is, it is monstrous, absurd!" she exclaimed, with a faint, hollow laugh.

"Misguided woman, I have proofs that would decide the matter in any court of law," said the lawyer, calmly; "yes, absolute proofs. I have a witness who can prove that the time which elapsed since Mr. Arden left his room was too long for it to be possible that the ink should not have dried in the pen; also, that you were seen seated at the escritoire in the act of writing that night; and that a fragment of the original will was seen to drop from your dress, on which it had evidently hung.

"Besides which, the imitation, good as it is, is not so perfect as to defy the detection of an experienced and skilful eye, when compared with the original of the writing and the signature of the parties concerned.

"And, to make your guilt more evident, you have by your own words condemned yourself.

"If the will was altered on that night, how was it witnessed by the persons in question?—of whom one, I believe, was even dead at that period. How is that, Mrs. Henry?"

A scornful smile curled the lips of the young lawyer as he spoke.

The shot told.

Avice shivered; her eyes fell under his keen gaze; she looked the picture of detected guilt.

"The name," she murmured.

"I am not bound to give it," replied the lawyer. "Be satisfied, Mrs. Henry, with the evidence you have heard.

"If you have the least regard for yourself, for the peace and comfort of one most deeply injured, you will confess all and yield."

"If you are so sure, so confident," she said, still looking defiantly, "why urge me thus? It is evidence of weakness that tells against you."

Even a lawyer's patience has bounds, and the young man's eyes flashed bitter scorn and anger. He rose from his chair, and took a step or so towards the door.

"Unhappy woman," he said, "if I needed any proof of your crime, it would be in the hardened insensibility of your nature. You cannot appreciate, you cannot even understand the noble generosity of those with whom you have to deal. But you may go too far. I give you one more chance. Either consent at this moment to the terms I offer—to pardon, concealment and the sum that is rightly yours,—or I will instantly leave you, and place the affair in the hands of those who will show you no such mercy."

Avice Henry shivered again. Her frame was cold, her brain giddy. The influence of power and wealth, the terror of the husband who had made her guilty acquisitions of such little avail to her, the hatred of Hilda, the natural pride and selfishness of her nature, warred within her against the fear of exposure, of loss, of punishment, of disgrace. The conflict was terrible, but at last it ended; the haughty spirit bowed.

"Let me hear your terms again," she said, "if I am willing to relinquish the property left to me."

"It is idle quarreling about words," he said, scornfully; "and I will be content, on the part of my client, to veil the truth in pleasant language. Still I beg you to understand, Mrs. Henry, that it is you and you alone, who are the gainer by this compromise. For myself I should not hesitate to undertake the case of Miss Hilda Arden, with no fee, save in the event of success, so confident am I in her cause; and you would reap the entire odium, as well as the punishment, of the crime of forgery."

The last word was uttered in low, solemn accents, that made the guilty woman shudder.

"But," he continued, "as I before said, I can say on behalf of my client, that there is no desire to trifle about words. If you choose to call it 'relinquishing' instead of confessing, we will let you do so. It is the deed and not its name with which we have to do. So we will say, if you please, that you consent to 'relinquish' the estate and the personal fortune left you by the late Mr. Philip Arden in favor of the rightful heiress, Miss Hilda Arden. Then, in return for this, we will undertake that you shall be held harmless in name and in fact from the consequences of your deed, and that ten thousand pounds, the legacy intended for you by the late Mr. Arden, shall be paid to you; that strict secrecy shall be preserved as to the whole transaction among friends, acquaintances, and the world at large."

"I dare not," she said, looking piteously at him. "I dare not! My husband—it is his in reality. He would never sanction it—never."

"Indeed! Leave that to me," observed the lawyer, smiling; "leave that to me. It appears to me very probable that he would not wish to be cast on the world minus name, friends, character, money, and a wife in the penitentiary into the bargain. Don't waste time in talking of such scruples, Mrs. Henry. You know as well as I do that the law is on my side, and justice also; and it rests with you whether you choose to save something or risk all. Come, I am weary of this chicanery and delay; the whole question lies in a nutshell—justice or mercy, voluntary confession, or enforced punishment. Say in one word—Do you yield, or no?"

The word was hard to speak. Avice gave one lingering glance around. She saw the graceful adornments, the rich furniture that surrounded her; she glanced at the beautiful glades, and flowers, and trees, that graced the domain. She thought of the power, the station of the lady of Arden Court, even when veiled by the slavery that her real position entailed. But then to have the slavery without the position; the hated husband without the compensating wealth; to have no longer the check on his brutality and selfishness, that the power of revealing the crime gave to her. It was terrible to anticipate. Suddenly a new change came over her mood. A light came up in her eyes. It was not joy; it was not gratitude, nor even humble thankfulness for the safety from the terrible risk just incurred, that actuated her. No, it was a sudden prospect of revenge; revenge on her tyrant; revenge on the man who had deprived her of the brief ray of happiness and pleasure that had been hers.

"Mr. Ellis is your name, I think?" she said, turning suddenly to the bell. "Will you wait a little?"

"I should know your purpose, madam," he said, hesitatingly. "I do not feel that I should do my duty to my client were I to remain at any risk of her interests."

"Be content," she said with a bitter smile. "It is only to complete your business that I wish you to remain. But stay; I will not ask you to witness the grand scene that is to terminate this little drama. You shall only come in at the end when the curtain falls. It is now eleven o'clock. If you will return at two I can promise you the grand finale. There will be no danger of Dr. Henry's being away at that hour, unless a more luxurious meal awaited him elsewhere," she added; but her lip curled disdainfully.

"And you give me your solemn assurance that you will give up these wrongfully-obtained possessions," said the lawyer hastily.

"I do," she replied.

"It ought not to be, perhaps," said the young man, still hesitating. "I should be called a fool for trusting to your words after what has taken place. But still, the facts are unaltered, and of course I cannot bind you to the performance of what your interest demands. At two, then, I will return."

"Yes, at luncheon you shall see my husband," she said; "at two without fail remember."

"And perhaps not alone," he said. "Will that be your pleasure, Mrs. Henry."

"Perhaps so," she replied, looking at him inquiringly. "I will trust you. It will be better perhaps—it will be better. But no treachery, no treachery," she adde anxiously.

"Mrs. Henry," he said, looking earnestly at her, "if you keep faith as I will do, and as my client will do, there will be little reason to fear any treachery."

The lawyer retired; but the tempest that shook Avice Henry need not be described; the tempest of mingled emotions; the changing moods; the rage, the fear, the revengeful delight, alternated rapidly within her. Then she suddenly cast off all and rang the bell.

"Harrison," said she, "I will dress now. Go first to Dr. Henry and beg him to be very punctual to luncheon, and tell him that I intend to order some of his favorite dishes to-day."

The woman was somewhat surprised. It was long ere she had had such a message to

carry to her master. The reply was a brief and brusque affirmative.

Then Avice made her morning toilette with unusual care, and sat down to wait for the hour of trial. It came at last. She heard the arrival of a carriage. Then came steps once more; steps that had once before that brought a terrible emotion to her heart and bitter anguish to her brain. And there were softer, gentler foot-steps with them, that seemed half reluctant to approach, or languid and feeble to tread the long corridor.

There was a low tap at the door; the lawyer then entered, leading in Hilda, and followed by Josiah Blunt, with a face radiant and triumphant with joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Riene Castle's Choice.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"ARE you out of your senses Riene Castle?" said that young lady's cousin, Maude Trevanion, as she stood before little Riene like an accusing judge.

They were as much unlike as it was possible for two women to be. Maude was a tall, dark-eyed, red-lipped beauty, with a rich bloom on her handsome southern face, proud as a young queen, but poor as a church mouse.

Riene was the orphan daughter of a wealthy house, the last of the good old name of Castle, rich, refined, and intelligent to an unusual degree, with a pale sweet face, whose chief beauty lay in the blue-gray eyes, that had a bewitching fashion of hiding themselves under the longest of dark lashes. Her hair was dark, soft and abundant, and although it was a rare thing to see any color in the fair cheeks, at the moment our story opens, Riene's face was as red as a rose, and her shy eyes filled with an unusual gladness.

"I say, you must be out of your senses, Riene. The idea. Marry a man like that!" And haughty Miss Trevanion nodded her head in the direction of a man who was over-seeing the gravelling of a drive that led up to the old mansion house. He was evidently a farmer, for his blonde face was bronzed by the sun, and the hand that held the reins of a scraggy pony, was hard and horny with toil. Riene and her cousin stood under the wide branches of a huge elm, and ever and anon, the man's earnest blue eyes, would flash a loving glance at Riene, who looked like some saintly picture in her white garments, and the pure light of a guileless spirit on her young face.

"Indeed Maude, I am in earnest," sighed little Riene. "I would rather be the wife of some good honest worker like dear Dean Stanhope, than the wife of the richest man I know."

"Why, he's only a farmer—your own steward?"

"I know that. But Maude, he is unlike other men of his class' I have seen him tried, as few men have been tried, and he seems to grow better, and wiser everyday. He is as honest as the sun, and as true as steel, and I know he loves me," said Riene in a soft low voice, her cheeks hot with blushes.

Maude's amused laugh rang out, sweet and clear.

"So, he has told you of his love, has he?"

"Indeed he has not," replied Riene, with an indignant toss of her small head.

"Then how do you know he loves you;" laughed Miss Trevanion.

"I see it in his eyes—they show me his heart in a thousand glances." smiled Riene, a hot flush mounting to her brow.

"Stuff and nonsense!" sneered Maude, who had not a particle of sentiment in her nature, "if that is all the proof you have of his love, you had better not be so sure of it. I did not think you were so soft. I would not give my love to any man unasked."

Riene blushed like a rose.

"I did not say I loved him." She stammered.

"Well, you did the next thing to it. You said you would rather be the wife of a man like Dean Stanhope, than the wife of the richest man you know. Isn't that confessing you love your models. I think so!" said Maude with great contempt. Riene—always gentle-hearted, and patient—made no answer. In fact, something very like a sob, stopped the words that struggled to her lips. For she did love him, and longed to make a confident of Maude—who from a child had been her secret-keeper, but the chilling words, chilled poor little Riene to the heart, and she could only stand silent, and gaze dumbly at the man all her friends would despise.

"He is a good man," she said at last, in a low sweet voice.

"Doubtless. But he is no mate for you."

"Why? He is a man that women would run wild after, if he had wealth to back him. Why should I not give him the only charm he lacks—money."

"Because if he does marry you, it will be for your money. I wouldn't be a fool Riene, and throw myself away on a penniless nobody," said Maude angrily.

"I wish I was as poor as he is," sighed Riene, with a wistful look at the dear bronzed face. "I would marry him if he would have me, and we would work our way up."

"Live on bread and cheese and kisses," laughed Maude Trevanion, "well, I hope your dream will come true."

"I hope it will," said Riene, in a low undertone, as she moved away from Maude, who was too full of righteous indignation, and wounded pride, to care for Riene's company.

"The idea!" she exclaimed, "of Riene falling in love with a man like that. Its enough to make grandfather Castle turn in his coffin. One way, I'm not sorry Riene is such a fool, for he might have made me co-heiress."

For Maude Trevanion never forgave her grandfather Castle for leaving Riene the property and money, that Riene's father—his only son—never lived to enjoy. Riene was his idol, but Maude was never a favorite, although she was his daughter's only child. "Too much Trevanion in her," he often said, so he cut her off, with a paltry two hundred a year. Riene, always loving and charitable, offered Maude a home, which she accepted gratefully.

Meanwhile Riene had reached the wide drive where Dean Stanhope was busy at work. He had dismounted, tied his pony to a tree, and was busy leveling the gravel as Riene's garments made a quivering shadow in the broad sun-lit path. Riene saw his face flush hotly, as he stood erect, and lifted his hat to her.

Dean Stanhope had seen trouble.

You could see it in every line of his face, in the troubled look in his earnest blue eyes, but it was trouble that was wrought by other hands, not his own.

He had borne shame, sorrow, and abuse, all through the misdeeds of near and dear friends, but he had come out of it all like gold seven times refined.

And Riene Castle pitied him, and at length, to her own dismay, loved him.

She stood at his side now, talking carelessly about trivial matters, yet wondering, in a vague, sorrowful way, if he would ever declare his love.

He looked into her eyes, and Riene trembled at the love in their blue depths, but his words were far from the subject nearest his heart, for Dean Stanhope had too little self-conceit to imagine he could make love to his fair young mistress.

He loved to look into her eyes, to feast his own on the pure pale face, and sometimes he longed to take the little figure in his arms and kiss the sweet lips, but he dared not; for a wide gulf lay between them—a gulf that could never be bridged over by his humble love.

"Miss Castle," he said, deferentially, "would you object to a walk down to the south meadows?"

Miss Castle flushed a little, and looked at him inquiringly.

"The air is very hot and sultry. If you think we will not have a storm soon, I will go."

"We will have a storm before many hours," he said, he said, looking up at the sky reflectively, "but I think we can be there and home again before it comes. We have lost some landmarks along the meadow line, and Briggs is pushing us about the fence."

"O, I can easily find them," declared Riene, "for grandpapa showed me every one, and charged me to remember them, as Briggs disputed the line."

Dean Stanhope left his pony under the trees, and together they walked down the shady avenues, until they entered a strip of woodland that led to the south meadow.

To the day of her death, Riene never forgot the mingled pain and pleasure of that walk through the woodlands.

For it was a pleasure to walk by his side and listen to his deep respectful voice—a pain to feel that the difference in their stations would always keep them apart.

The birds sang as they had never sang before, the blue violets smiled up into Riene's loving eyes, and the winds stirred the leaves of the huge poplars with a low soothing sound as they walked along.

Neither noticed that the sky had been suddenly overcast with black clouds, that the wind was rising, or that the birds had suddenly ceased their songs and sheltered themselves in leafy coverts until the edge of the wide prairie-like meadow was reached, and they saw a bank of wind and rain rolling up from the west like a huge leviathan.

"Oh!" cried Riene, with a little nervous cry as she clung to Dean's arm, "the storm is upon us; what will we do?"

"Heaven knows!" said Dean, drawing her closer to his side, while his strong frame trembled. "Miss Castle, I did not think it would come so soon—believe me, I did not."

"I do not blame you," she said, as she looked up into his eyes, and he would have been blind indeed if he had not seen the love-light in her blue-gray eyes.

Instinctively he held her closer, shrinking back under a huge poplar, and as the storm burst upon them in all its fury, terrific peals of thunder rending the hot air, while blinding flashes of lightning shot through the semi-darkness, she laid her pale face against his breast.

"Don't be frightened," he pleaded, almost too happy to breathe the words, "we will get no harm except a good drenching."

Her garden hat had fallen off, and he lightly touched her dark hair with his warm lips.

Ah! if he only dared speak!

But it was not love that made her cling to him but fear, abject fear, and he shielded her from the rain that came down in torrents by keeping her close to the trunk of the poplar.

Suddenly the wind turned, the rain came with a vicious dash against Riene, and just as one awful peal sent terror to her heart, she felt herself whirled around, and the next instant she lay on the ground, a shivering, half-stunned, drenched mass.

When she came to her senses fully, she started to her feet, and gazed around her in search of Dean.

He lay at the foot of the poplar, as white and still as a corpse, and Riene, her heart full of a nameless terror, knelt at his side, and took the head with its mass of dripping golden hair in her lap.

And Riene forgot everything in the one thought—the man she loved was dead; and she kissed the silent lips passionately, moaning out her grief in broken words.

"Dean—my love, speak to me. Oh, Dean, I loved you so, and you never knew it. Dean! Dean!"

The rain was beating on her bowed head, and mingled with the tears that fell on his face.

Riene kissed them away—kissed the dear, still face, with a passion and tenderness that must surely bring him back to life, if he were dead.

She laid her face against his cheek, sobbing wildly.

"Riene!" whispered the voice faintly; "Riene, my love, look at me?"

Riene lifted her tear-wet face, and gazed down into his eyes, a rosy blush creeping up to her forehead.

"I—I thought you were dead," she murmured.

"The lightning must have struck very near here, and stunned us," he said, as he struggled to his feet, taking care to keep one arm around Riene, and draw her up with him. "Riene, is it true, or did I dream it? Do you love me?"

For answer, Riene hid her face on his bosom, and, as the storm was almost spent, Dean took her in his arms, and told her what she was to him.

"But, Riene, what will people say?"

"What they please—for Dean, I love you," said Riene, nestling in his arms. "But, Dean, Maude will be furious. I am going to give her five thousand dollars for a peace offering. She always begrudged me the money.

"Give it all to her," smiled Dean. "I will be content with yourself."

Then he hurried her home, to change her wet clothing.

And Maude, when told of what happened in the storm, smiled in contempt.

"Well, Riene, I hoped the rain would wash the sentiment out of you. But it seems it only sent it deeper."

"But it washed you out five thousand dollars," laughed Riene, who was happy as a child. "I hope it will purchase you as good a man as Dean."

"Time tries all things," said Maude quietly.

But she kissed Riene gratefully; and years after, when she was a happy wife herself, acknowledged that Riene was right when she chose Dean Stanhope instead of a fashionable dandy.

Mabel And I.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

WE were going to the country, Mabel and I, or rather, I was going, and would take Mabel with me. There was a man at the bottom of it—a young man named Harry Drown—and he was cashier in Mr. Pettibone's bank. Now, of course, no one can see any objections to him; but what is a cashier compared to the banker himself? And Mr. Pettibone was such a nice man—at least, everybody said so—and then he gave so freely to the Women's Mission Society! And he dropped into our house so often of late, and talked to me of our progress among the heathen, and of women's rights, and generally at last about Mabel. And of course I asked him to call again, and then Mabel would sing and talk to him about her birds and house plants; and although Mr. Pettibone tried to seem interested in her innocent chatter, I must confess that at times he looked awfully bored; and then Mabel would gradually withdraw from the general conversation, and while Mr. Pettibone and I discussed public affairs her golden head would droop in a way that didn't show proper respect for the conversation of our visitor.

But Mr. Pettibone was really the innocent cause of our visit to the country. You see, he couldn't accompany Mabel in singing, for he hadn't any more voice than a sick grasshoppe", and he asked my consent to bring a worthy young man with him, his cashier, he said, and of course I consented. And what a splendid voice Harry Drown had! Even I, who consider music a frivolous accomplishment, was delighted.

When the gentlemen took their leave that evening, Mabel's big blue eyes were bigger and bluer than ever.

"Haven't we had a delightful evening?" she said, her cheeks all aflush.

"I hope Mr. Drown will come again: don't you, auntie?"

"Well, I suppose I shall not tell him to stay away if he comes again," I replied, shortly; and Mabel relapsed into silence—and she didn't look very sleepy, either.

The next evening the gentlemen called, and Mabel looked very nice, dressed, as she was, in a foamy white tarletan, with little knots of blue ribbon fastened in the over-dress. I was provoked at her, and all because of Harry Drown, for I saw plainly that the serpent had entered our Eden. But what could I do, when Mr. Pettibone called, and called again, and persisted in bringing that young Drown with him? And when he had the headache, which occurred very often I thought, Harry Drown came alone, bringing Mr. Pettibone's regrets. And thus matters progressed, and pretty fast too, I thought, considering the way young people did when I was young.

So I set my wits to work, forgetting all about what Burns says about the "best laid plans," and struck what I considered an original idea, in the way of strategy. And then I managed everything so nicely! It was like undermining a fort. The first thing on the programme was to read aloud to Mabel an enticing sketch on life in the country; and after she had digested that I found, accidentally, of course, a couple of poems on spring in the rural districts, and read them to her. She was unwary, and admired the poetry very much; then I casually mentioned that Mrs. De Vaughan was going to the country this spring.

"The country is delightful," asserted Mabel. "I should like to spend one season, at least, there."

How easily she fell into my trap!

"Then let us spend the coming summer in the country," said I, as though the thought had just occurred to me, and never looking as though I had practised that very speech every day for a week before my largest mirror.

"Go in spring?" asked Mabel, with a sort of timid, fluttering remonstrance.

"Why, yes, certainly! We will go as soon as we can get ready. I believe I have fallen entirely in love with the country."

And then I grew enthusiastic, and tried to convince Mabel that we were "wasting our sweetness on the desert air," or words to that effect, by not spending our summers in the sweet seclusion of the rural districts. So we went.

After the usual amount of fuss and worry we were duly installed in a delightful retreat called Lynn Vale. Our hostess was charming, and several of the neighbors called upon us, and they were very intellectual, if they did live in the country.

Well, we had been in our new quarters a fortnight or so when one of those sudden rain-storms came up, and Mabel was out searching for flowers and specimens. I was just beginning to worry about her taking cold, when, as I was looking out the window, there came Mabel up the path, and Harry Drown was walking beside her, and shielding her from the storm with his umbrella.

It was dreadful! My plan was as dust and ashes.

I couldn't tell Mabel that I thought it was poor policy to throw herself away on a common cashier when she might have the banker himself, as neither one had proposed yet. And what nonplussed me was that Mr. Pettibone should recommend us to Lynn Vale, where he knew Harry Drown's mother lived, and then give Harry an unlimited vacation while we were there.

So, you see, matters were in rather a peculiar state, and I began to find fault with the country. It was Mabel's turn now, and I never dreamed anyone could grow so attached to country life in so short a time.

Harry came to see us often, and took great interest in trying to make himself agreeable to me. I made up my mind forty times to tell him he wasn't wanted; but he was so gentlemanly and kind, and he brought me so many delicacies, such as game and trout, that somehow I couldn't tell the imprudent yet pleasant visitor to stay away.

But at last I had a sudden attack of rheumatism, contracted by sitting in the open air late one night, waiting for Mabel and Harry to finish some nonsensical songs; and I tell you when I fell ill I kept Mabel pretty busy, and she didn't have much time to waste in talking to Harry. Of course I grew peevish; I was ill, you know; and as soon as I was able to ramble about I went back to the town, feeling that as a diplomat I was an utter failure.

Mr. Pettibone called a day or two after we got home. He said that he had heard I had an attack of the rheumatism, and he thought it would be friendly to drop in and see how I was getting along, and how I liked my stay in the country; and, of course, as Mr. Pettibone admired Lynn Vale, I admired it also.

"See any of my relations?" asked Mr. Pettibone.

"Harry Drown was there," replied Mabel demurely.

Mr. Pettibone smiled, and I frowned at meek little Mabel.

"No," I said loftily, "we did not have the pleasure of seeing any of your relatives there. There was one of your employes somewhere in the neighborhood, I believe."

"You refer to Harry Drown, I suppose?" said Mr. Pettibone, blandly. "He is my nephew. His mother ran away and married a poor man, but I look after Harry. He has been acting as cashier in my bank, so as to have a practical knowledge of the business before I resign in his favor."

Words were inadequate to express the emotions I felt as I listened to Mr. Pettibone. And to think that I had tried to keep Mabel from falling in love with the nephew and heir of the richest banker in the town of Linby.

"Well, really, Mr. Pettibone, I didn't know Harry was your nephew; but I always thought he was a very superior young man," said I, trying to make up for lost time.

"Do you, indeed?" said Mr. Pettibone, blandly, as he smiled benighly on Mabel. "So glad to hear you say so, for I received a letter from Harry to-day, and he has asked your consent and mine to pay his addresses to Mabel."

Of course I was delighted to think that Mabel had made so wise a choice, although there was a lingering twinge of regret when I thought that now I would not have the much-hoped-for pleasure of refurnishing the Pettibone residence for Mabel.

When Mabel had excused herself for the evening, Mr. Pettibone dropped the discussion of woman's rights by saying somewhat hesitatingly, "It'll be kind of lonesome here for you after Mabel's gone."

"Yes, it will be lonesome," I replied; and somehow there was a strange ache in my heart at the thought of it.

"I should like to have you live in my house; there is plenty of room there," said Mr. Pettibone, sheepishly.

"Yes, that would be very nice; but Mabel has spoiled it all," I replied, stifling a sigh.

"Then you don't think Mabel would con-

sent?" said Mr. Pettibone, growing red in the face.

"Consent? Why, of course not! Ain't she engaged to Harry Drown?" I asked, indignantly.

"Yes—yes—certainly she is," replied Mr. Pettibone, looking alarmed; "and so I don't see why she should object to you and me getting married."

"Why, dear me, Mr. Pettibone! I thought you wanted Mabel!" said I, beginning to feel dreadfully fluttered and curious like to have a man sitting so close to me and talking that way.

Mr. Pettibone explained to me how he had brought Harry round to talk to Mabel while he talked to me; and then—never mind; but I really do wonder if men ever get too old to be dreadfully silly when they want to talk love?

And now there is going to be a double wedding, and I have ordered some false fronts, and a new silver-gray wedding dress. And Mabel is going to wear white gros grain silk and a veil of lace-bordered illusion. I am quite contented now, for young people will be young people, you know, and love and common sense never combine except it is by accident.

What Came of Moving.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

"YOU will never be married off—never, I tell you! I despair of you all!"

"What queer times you choose for your homilies, Lib," said Miranda, jumping on the lid of trunk. "The idea—of talking about—marriage—when——"

"The idea of talking about anything when your speech has to be measured off in jerks!" exclaimed Beck.

"Miranda Roberts, stop trying to break the hinges of that trunk, and take out that old waterproof. It's too full, and it never will shut."

"The water-proof is too full, I know," returned Miranda.

"As for the trunk, I tell you it's only half full. Will always says that about trunks, and he's right, for he can generally get ever so many more things in."

"Oh, nonsense! What does Will know about trunks? He never was with us but once when we moved, and then he was in the way!"

This from Virginia, who was sitting on the floor, rolling up medicine-bottles in newspapers, and packing them into a great portmanteau.

"Did any family ever have so much rubbish as we have?" demanded Miranda, mournfully.

She and Virginia were always known by their full names; Rebecca and Elizabeth never were.

The mother did not like nicknames, but no one could resist Lib and Beck. Perhaps it was because Beck had red hair, and could not look romantic; and Lib was, as everyone said, so jolly.

She was thirty years old, tall, black-eyed, vigorous, and mirthful—an old maid, and firmly intending to remain in that free condition while she lived, for what reason who shall say?

But she was vastly interested in getting her sisters married off, believing that that was the best lot for everyone but herself. As she said, however, she began to despair of it.

Pretty Miranda was twenty-five, Beck twenty-two, and Virginia twenty.

"And you'll never meet anyone in this town!" she would add contemptuously.

"Nonsense! We have plenty of friends," said contented Beck.

"But we must all wait for Ferdinand!" said Virginia, glancing comically at Miranda.

It was a tradition in the family that none of them could marry until Ferdinand came to Miranda.

"Meanwhile, we're moving!" sighed Miranda.

"No romance to be got out of that," said Lib.

Never mind why they were moving. Most people move at times. The human brain and body, though seemingly of delicate construction are in reality machines of stupendous power and endurance. Otherwise they would never survive "moving."

"Girls," said Virginia, peering out of the window, "one of those men who have come with the cars is extremely good-looking. I wonder if he can be Ferdinand?"

"What! Have they come?" cried Miranda, with sublime indifference to the approach of her fate.

"Stop your nonsense, Virginia; Lib, do you hear that? They're come! The men have come, and the trunks are not ready!"

"I know it!" cried Lib; "but they will be ready before the men have time to say 'Jack Robinson!' Beck, hand me that quilt—it will fit in nice and soft, around these boxes."

"Who is Jack Robinson?" asked Beck, earnestly, as she handed the quilt; but Lib was on her mettle now, and could not be diverted.

"Miranda, please remember that you're told off to go to the new house and see that the things are put in their right places. Virginia, please go down stairs and see what mother's doing, and keep her from hurting herself. Beck, you stand by me here in the hour of need."

The two-long-named lasses ran off obediently—Virginia to correct her mother's suicidal propensity, and Miranda to drag forth her hat from beneath a heap of pillows, tied up for transportation.

She flitted down stairs, past the great, gruff tramping men, who had come to apply their herculean muscles to the twelve-times-twelve labors of moving.

Then she walked rapidly through the streets of the country town, to where the new house was situated.

No one was within save a woman engaged in cleaning, and Miranda was glad to sit down quietly and wait for the arrival of the loaded car.

Presently, however, she grew restless, and wandered about a little, going to the door and looking expectantly along the street, although she knew it was scarcely time for them to come.

She heard the whistle and puffing of a train as it stopped and started again.

"Nice to be so near the station," she thought.

A few days before this eventful day, Ellen Morton had written to her cousin in the city giving a cordial invitation to spend the Sunday with her.

"Get out at the King street Station," she wrote, "and walk about half a mile, westward.

"Our house is on the right hand—a large house. Come early on Saturday."

On Saturday afternoon, early, the cousin came.

He walked up the street, enjoying the fine spring day—glad of his half-mile walk, glad of the delicate verdure and the fresh, warm air.

He had nearly passed a pretty house near the station, when he turned back for an instant, perhaps to admire it again.

As he did so, he was spell-bound by a picture that met his view. In the open doorway stood a girl, tall, slim, alert; one slender hand against the door-frame; dark, silky, wavy hair, falling untidily, but becomingly, about her face; a pair of anxious blue eyes looking expectantly down the street. He whistled below his breath, and watched her furtively from behind the hedge. He thought her the prettiest creature he had ever seen.

Presently, a great creaking over-loaded car came rattling through the gate, and the fairy, with a little flutter, vanished indoors. He waited a while in vain, then went on his way to his uncle's house.

"Take a walk, Nell?" he said to his cousin, that evening. She assented, and they strolled down King street towards the railway; he insisted upon walking that way, though Ellen assured him that the prettiest view was farther up.

"Who has taken this house?" he asked, as they passed the cottage near the station.

"Don't know," said Ellen. "There are some girls sitting at the window," she added.

"I saw them moving in," he said, staring at the group. "Shall you call on them?"

"Oh, no! Why should I? We're not very near neighbors, and I've too many people to call on already. Besides they may be common. I don't know half the people here."

"Ah! Nice place, isn't it? The Gregorys live in this street, don't they?"

"Yes! Over there."

"Aha! You know Jim Gregory? A very good fellow. I'll go and see him to-morrow."

"How that young man stares!" exclaimed Virginia.

"Doesn't he?—the 'impertent fellow'!" said Lib, languidly. "He's very handsome," she added; "and the girl looked nice."

The couple passed on, and presently repassed.

"He is handsome!" said Miranda, meditatively.

"Who? That man who helped to move the furniture?" asked Lib.

She had forgotten the staring stranger.

"No; the one who just passed," said Miranda, blushing. "Oh, poor Beck!" she exclaimed, suddenly; "she is helping Biddy to unpack, and we're doing nothing. I'll go and help them!"

And Miranda vanished.

"James!" said young Morton to his friend Gregory, on the following day: "James, my dear fellow, you ought to marry; you can afford it. And apropos, there's a family of charming young ladies just moved into the house opposite. They'll be lonely; you must call on them."

"Mother will have to call there, I suppose," said the fine, though plain-looking young man, who made a good foil, some would have said, for his handsome blonde friend.

"Yes; you must take her there some evening; you really must, Jim!"

And Morton looked laughingly into his face.

James Gregory was not of a weak or pliable disposition, but he was strongly attached to Morton, and the suggestions of the latter had much weight with him. Morton knew this.

"Perhaps I will," said James Gregory.

"Good boy!" said Morton, patting his shoulder.

A few weeks later they met in the city, and—"Have you called on the young ladies yet?" asked Morton.

"I have!" returned Gregory; "and a most delightful family they are!" He plunged into an eloquent description, after which his friend remarked carelessly,—

"Well, if they're so pleasant, I must know them."

"Of course you must, old fellow! Come out next Saturday. You've never spent a night at our house yet. Come—we will go over and see them. Mother is charmed with them, especially with——" He stopped, but Morton looked at him narrowly.

"Oho!" he thought; "I must look after my blue-eyed, black-haired beauty! I'm afraid I've chosen a bad way!"

There were blushes among our maidens—I will not say in which pair of cheeks—when James Gregory's card was sent up. There was great excitement among the maidens when another card came with it. There was a sensation among three of the maidens when the stanger proved to be "the man who stared." He stared at Miranda again to-night, for he talked to her all the evening, looking into her eyes, and thinking that this view had borrowed no enchantment from distance!

"'F. T. Morton,'" read Virginia that night, as she took up his card and studied the bold signature. The card was written, not printed, or engraved, as men's cards should be. "F. T. Morton," she repeated; adding solemnly, "and F. stands for Ferdinand! Miranda, thy doom is sealed!"

And it was Ferdinand, reader—of course you knew it all the time!—whatever the F. stood for.

I will make no pitiful attempt at mystery; Miranda's doom was sealed.

Mr. Morton fell in love with her at first sight, as many do; and he did not, as many do, fall out of love again at second, third—nay—fiftieth sight.

He stayed in.

He came out from town often; when his vacation time came he spent it with James Gregory.

Occasionally he stayed at his uncle's home, and the family wondered what had become of him when he was absent all Sunday.

At last he "proposed."

The engagement made the greatest excitement in the Roberts family, though they knew it was coming, and had teased poor Miranda all summer.

"Ferdinand has come! Now we are free!" exclaimed Virginia, tragically. "At last the spell is broken, and I can marry!"

"Well, at last there's an engagement in the family!" sighed Lib, with an intense relief. "The first engagement, and not a woman in the house under twenty! It's preposterous!"

"But it's nice," cried Virginia, with unctuous emphasis.

"Oh, it's nice now. I'm satisfied with your Ferdinand, my child—he'll do very well. A trifle self-willed, perhaps, but generous to boot. Yes, Ferdinand is——'

"Who calls me Ferdinand?" exclaimed the young man in question, appearing at the sitting-room door.

"We do, ah, stupid youth, and ignorant of Shakspeare!" cried Virginia.

"Ignorant, is it?" responded her prospective brother-in-law, in a fine brogue. "An' it's meself that found me Miranjah, stuhpid or not, and by a brave little game intirely. But," he added, breaking into song and parodying "Handy Andy,"

"'Oh, ho! Ain't it a shame
To be called *Ferdinand* when Frederick's my name?'"

"What do you mean by a 'a brave little game?'" asked Beck, when the laugh had subsided.

"Well, now I've betrayed myself I may as well confess," said Frederick, seating himself. "You must know that when I first saw Miranda she was standing in the doorway waiting for a cartload of furniture. I watched, admired, almost loved! The cruel cart approached—she vanished. I walked on dreaming of her. I made my cousin walk past the house with me, and caught another glimpse——"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the three unengaged sisters, in chorus, wild with merriment, as they recalled the event.

"Well," he resumed, "I got hold of Jim Gregory, and prevailed upon him to call here; the mooning fellow never would have thought of it, but for me. After that, it was quite right for me to call with him, do you see? It was all a deliberate plan—I was bound to know her."

Lib's face beamed, and Miranda's glowed.

"Fred," said Lib, "give me your hand! You are a brother-in-law after my own heart! I can die happy now that one of those girls has the right sort of a lover."

All laughed, and Fred made his best bow.

Then James Gregory came in, and Lib and Virginia went to get their hats and cloaks.

They were going to a concert with their cousin Will—a sort of tame cousin, who performed brotherly offices for the girls.

So Fred had a chance, while James and Beck were talking, to make pretty speeches to his Miranda, calling himself her own Ferdinand, and vowing that he had found her by a special act of Providence, on an enchanted island.

Late that night the girls discussed the engagement and the concert.

"To bad there wasn't another ticket, Beck," said Lib. "Why wouldn't you go, instead of me?"

Beck was very red and queer.

"I may as well tell you now," she said, flushing to the roots of her red hair, "that—that—I'm—engaged to Mr. Gregory!"

The sisters fairly shrieked.

"You sly, sly thing! Who would have thought it?" cried Virginia. "Why, when did he court you?"

"Oh, Beck!" gasped Lib. "My right-hand woman! I never dreamed of losing you. You blessed little creature! I suppose I must be resigned—it is what I have longed for—to see you all well married."

"Ah, you old sly puss!" cried Virginia, hugging her and kissing away a tear. "Never mind; you've got me on hand yet, and those two are off your mind. But to think it all came of the moving, after all!"

Sin is disease, deformity and weakness.

SICK HEADACHE, Languor and Melancholy, generally spring from a Torpid Liver, a Disordered Stomach or Costiveness, the Sanative Pills will speedily remove; by their beneficial action on the biliary organs they will also lessen the likelihood of a return.

Scientific and Useful

RAPID STEAM NAVIGATION.—The question of increasing materially the speed of ocean steamships is now exciting considerable interest in the commercial world. Some time ago a noted French chemist undertook at Geneva the construction of an experimental vessel, which was to mark a great stride forward in rapid sailing. This vessel is now said to be completed. He calculates that speeds of thirty to thirty-seven miles an hour may be got. At present the average does not exceed thirteen miles an hour.

SOLID PETROLEUM.—According to a St. Petersburg paper, a German has practically solved the problem of rendering petroleum solid—a problem considerably studied by chemists of late in view of the large question of transport. A company has been formed in Russia to work the patent when completed. The transformation of the substance will not cost more than ten cents per thirty-six pounds. The mode of treatment is not yet disclosed, and chemists to whom small samples of the solid petroleum have been sent have not been able to make out the nature of the foreign substances that are added in a proportion of two, or at most three, per cent. to solidify the petroleum.

INDIA RUBBER VARNISH.—Inclose thirty grammes of finely cut caoutchouc in a capacious linen bag, and suspend this within a flask containing a litre of benzine, by means of a thread held fast by the stopper, so that the bag remains near the surface of the liquid. In the course of six or eight days the soluble portion of the caoutchouc, about 40 to 60 per cent. will pass into the benzine, while the contents of the bag will expand enormously. The clear solution, which is quite viscous and contains 1.2 to 1.5 per cent. of caoutchouc, is then carefully separated. The swelled contents of the bag retain one-fourth to one-third of the benzine used, and may be utilized for the preparation of an inferior kind of varnish.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The Vienna *Free Press* gives an account of an instrument which enables a physician to subject every part of a patient's stomach to an ocular inspection. It consists of a tube which is thrust down the throat after the manner of the sword-swallowing jugglers. The tube contains an isolated conductor of electricity, two water-canals, an air-canal, and a wide opening for the optical apparatus. The stomach is emptied by means of a stomach-pump previous to the introduction of the apparatus, and is then inflated through the air-tube. At the bottom of the tube are two windows, one on each side, through which the walls of the stomach can be seen, the requisite light being furnished by an incandescent platina coil which is connected with the conductor.

Farm and Garden.

WATERING THE HORSE.—If you water the horse right after feeding, you wash the food out of the stomach. The best time is about three-quarters of an hour before or one hour after feeding.

GRAPES.—Grapes placed in packing boxes with alternate layers of paper are so successfully preserved by a gentleman in Danville, N. Y., that his family have the fruit to use in winter as freely as apples.

TREES.—If you begin pruning fruit and ornamental shrubbery while young, and follow it up each year, you can form just such a top as you want. If your tree needs spreading out cut the young shoots off just above a bud on the outside of the shoot; and if you want to train upward, leave a bud on the upper side of the limb where you cut it off.

FOR BREEDERS TO REMEMBER.—Something for breeders to remember—that from the male parent are mainly derived the external structure, configuration and outward characteristics, the locomotive peculiarities inclusive. From the female parent are derived the internal structure, the vital organs, and in a much greater proportion than from the male, the constitution, temper, and habits.

WARM STABLES.—Stables should be warm enough so that horses should be comfortable without blankets; then the blankets will do good service as coverings when the animal is left standing out in the street. The practice of covering a horse with a blanket in the stable, to be removed as soon as he is taken out, is like a man wearing his overcoat indoors and taking it off when he goes out in the open air.

WASH FOR OUTBUILDINGS.—To make a durable wash for outbuildings the following is recommended: Slake half a bushel of good lime in boiling water in a covered vessel and strain it through a fine sieve; add a peck of salt dissolved in a small quantity of hot water, three pounds of rice boiled with water to a thin paste, one pound of Spanish whiting, one pound of glue softened by soaking in water and then dissolved over a water bath, and five gallons of hot water. Agitate, cover from dust and allow to stand several days. Apply hot. Slaked lime or hydraulic cement mixed with skimmed milk makes a cheap and durable paint for outdoor work.

A LADY from Oregon writes—Dr. Benson: I think you should be presented with a chariot of pure gold, for your Celery and Chamomile Pills have proved such a blessing to thousands of sufferers with sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness, and dyspepsia.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

Terms, Without Premium:

$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,

which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

CLUBS.

One copy one year	$2 00
Two copies one year	3 50
Three copies one year	5 00
Four copies one year	6 00
Five copies one year	8 50
Ten copies one year	15 00
Twenty copies one year	28 00

☞ An extra copy free to a person getting up a club of five or more. Additions may be made to clubs at any time during the year at the same rate. Any member of a club can secure any one of the Diamante Premiums by remitting One Dollar extra.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Presenting the Bride!

meets with unqualified praise, as we expected and it deserves, from all who have seen it. It certainly should give satisfaction for it is emphatically the BEST, HANDSOMEST and MOST VALUABLE PREMIUM EVER OFFERED. The illustration in our last number is calculated to mislead, as its appearance alongside of the original is quite disappointing. We said last week, the illustration was one-fifth the size of the Photo-Oleograph; it was really one-eighth size only.

Just think of it, dear reader—a $24 Photo-Oleograph and THE POST one year for $2. In estimating the value of this superb picture, don't compare it in your mind with any chromo you have ever seen. We say to you, emphatically, such a work of art as this was never before offered as a Premium Gift by any publishers in the world.

We mean every word we say about it: we guarantee it to be all we claim for it. we guarantee that you cannot buy it for $2 anywhere; and as evidence of the truth of our statements, we want it distinctly understood that any subscriber who sends for THE POST *one year and the premium "Presenting the Bride," if dissatisfied with the premium may return it to us and we will cancel his subscription and return his money promptly.* IS NOT THIS "A SQUARE OFFER?"

ALL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT "PRESENTING THE BRIDE" IS ONLY OFFERED TO THOSE WHO SEND US $2 AND FIVE THREE-CENT STAMPS DIRECT BEFORE JANUARY 31, 1882, FOR A SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR.

Club subscribers must also pay as above to be entitled to this Premium.

Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 14, 1882.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"WON BY WEALTH," "A SHADOWED LOVE," and ANDRE COURT."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

"WON BY WEALTH."

The story under the above title, which is begun in this number of THE POST, will be found of unusual power. It is by the popular author of "From Gloom to Sunlight," "Weaker Than a Woman," and other tales that have met with such praise from our readers, and will be found to fully equal them in beauty and interest.

THE DUTY OF LABOR.

Toil is the inheritance of all by a law that is universal and inexorable, and that fearfully avenges its violation. It is the command of God, and, like all His mandates, is wise and merciful. Do not grieve because others seem more favored than yourself, for such appearances are often deceptive.

With all the varied cares and duties and strange inequalities of life, we are largely, if not wholly, moulded by our own efforts, and sunshine or shadows will predominate as we may decide for ourselves.

No community was ever prosperous where "wealth accumulates and men decay;" no church ever advanced in vital piety when indolence prevailed among its worshippers; no social circle ever improved in morals, intelligence, or happiness, when labor was rejected as wanting in respectability, and no individual idler ever made himself useful, or gladdened a home with the wealth of content.

Labor, with its coarse raiment and its bare right arm, has gone forth in the earth, achieving the truest conquests, and rearing the most durable monuments. It has opened the domain of matter and the empire of mind. The wild beast has fled before it and the wilderness has fallen back. The rock at its touch has grown plastic, and the stream obsequious. It has tilled the soil and planted cities. Discovery accompanies it with its compass and telescope; Invention proclaims it with its press, and heralds it through the earth with its flaming chariot. It is enriched with "the wealth of nations." It is crowned with the trophies of intellect. Its music rises in the shout of the mariner, the song of the husbandman, the hum of multitudes. It rings in the din of hammers and the roar of wheels. Its triumphal march is the progress of civilization. There are lands of luxurious climate and spontaneous production; yet who looks there for freedom and virtue,—for the bravest hearts and the noblest souls? But the elements of liberty, the glories of intelligence, the sanctities of home, and the institutions of religion abide in sterner soil and beneath colder skies,—where the fisherman feels his way through the mist that wraps the iron sea-coast, and the reaper snatches his harvest from the skirts of winter. And who would not pray, "Give us the manly nerve, the strenuous will, and the busy thought, rather than golden placers and diamond mines?" And instead of a realm thick with spontaneous plenty and desolate with riches, who would not prefer the granite fields, that grudge their latent bounty, since they induce not only the exertions, but the blessings of toil?

SANCTUM CHAT.

A GERMAN manufacturer has succeeded in producing serviceable face-masks of mica for the protection of metal and glass melters, stone-masons and other workmen exposed to heat, dust and noxious vapors. The masks allow the eyes to be turned in any direction, and there is space enough for spectacles in case the eyesight is defective.

—

ARTIFICIAL bouquets of roses, with leaves and flowers of diamonds, so arranged that they can be taken to pieces and each flower worn separately in the hair and bodice, is the latest triumph of the jeweler's art. Those who desire to send a trifling present to the object of their heart's affection will, of course, make a note of this little novelty, which probably does not cost more than a thousand dollars.

—

THE numerous flower stalls which have hitherto formed a characteristic feature of the streets of Paris are about to disappear completely. The Prefect of Police has given orders for their removal. Two reasons are alleged for this action. The first is the incumbrance caused by the stalls, and the second the loss of revenue caused to the municipality by the comparatively neglected state of the several public flower markets, owing to the competition of the street stall keepers.

—

DR. ANDREW CLARK, a celebrated physician of London, stated in a recent address that what is called "moderate drinking" is potential in exciting gout, heart-disease, Bright's disease, and liver complaints, and that medical opinion is unanimous that there should be no drinking of alcohol in any form save at meals.

—

THE Hartford *Courant* wants a law requiring all passengers to get out of the rear end of cars, and in at the forward door, which would make a regular, orderly procession all over the train. All who propose leaving the cars would walk uninterruptedly in the same direction until they got out, and all who wished to get in, could go to the front doors and follow along in the same current.

—

A WESTERN farmer of the old school, lamenting the paragon hired man of the past, thus speaks of him of the present: "He wears white shirts and collars. He won't eat with a knife. He wants napkins, and if we don't hang up a clean towel once a week he wipes on his handkerchief. He wants a whole hour at noon, and after supper he trots off to a singing-school, or sits down to a newspaper."

—

ENGLAND has become alarmed lest foreign nations learn the secrets (if any there be) of her naval superiority. The unsuspiciousness of the English character, and a self-confident sense of superiority in marine affairs hitherto have operated to throw the dockyards of that country open to all visitors. In other European countries the entrance to naval establishments are guarded with zealous care. So now a strong movement is afoot for the exclusion of all foreign visitors from England's dockyards, unless provided with special letters of credit, to guard against the possibility of their coming thither from some rival Power, a chiel' for the purpose of "takin' notes."

—

M. PAUL BERT, the French Minister of Public Instruction, who has been experimenting with anæsthetics to determine the exact time at which they become fatal to the patient, has made an important discovery. He operated on dogs, mice, and sparrows. In a graduated series of anæsthetics of increasing strength one is found just sufficient to cause insensibility, and proceeding higher, a dose is reached which kills. The interval between the anæsthetic dose and the fatal dose M. Bert calls the working zone. In chloroform, ether, anyline, bromide of ethyl, and chloride of ethyl, the fatal dose is precisely double the anæsthetic dose. The discovery will do much to remove the danger of using anæsthetic agents.

—

AN estimate puts the world's production of gold for the calendar year of 1880, at $107,000,000, and of silver at $87,500,000. The consumption of the world in ornamentation, manufactures, and arts, is estimated for the same period at $75,000,000 of gold, and $35,000,000 of silver. The estimated circulation of the principal countries of the world is placed at, gold $3,231,000,000; full legal tenders, silver $1,155,000,000; limited tenders, $433,000,000; total specie, $5,000,000,000; paper, $3,654,000,000, making the total circulation, including the amount held in government treasuries, banks, and in active circulation, $9,403,000,000.

—

THE use of beer, generally recognized as a wholesome drink, has become much less general because of the suspected use of harmful bitters and grape sugar. A large piece of this so-called grape sugar proved, upon analysis, to contain a quantity of sulphuric acid—enough to destroy some half dozen sets of good teeth. As this sugar is largely used in adulterating cane sugar, candies, and numerous other articles of luxury and necessity, further comment is unnecessary. Yeast powders are used and sold which contain soluble salts of aluminium. The use of tin in sugar, of baryta in numerous articles of food to increase their weight are barely concealed. The agreeable odor of caramel in the neighborhood of coffee-mills tells its own tale, and to explain the wonderful cheapness of the beautiful jellies now in such common use, we should have to go further than our morning friend, "Rags-Bones," and pursue through the wonderful transformations worked by modern chemistry the bones from our garbage box, flavored and colored by the waste products from the gas-works, back again to our tables as currant jelly, and perhaps meet in our sugar-bowls our old shirts transformed into very palatable sugar.

—

THE total abolition of the German alphabet is becoming the burning question of the day in Germany. Scholars and historians are using the Latin type, while Prince Bismarck and the chief newspapers and reviews cling to the ancient contortions. The argument that it is patriotic to retain the old alphabet is met by the fact that that alphabet was originally Latin; that all German books before the invention of printing were written in what is now distinctively called the Latin character; and that the ingenious ornamental perversities of the monks who were the chief copyists naturally came to be the type of a good handwriting, and these were closely imitated by the first printers. The printers of France, Spain, Holland, and even England, at first used a similar character, but gradually emancipated themselves from its trammels. The extraordinary prevalence of short sight in Germany is largely ascribed to this type.

—

M SIMONIN, a warm advocate of American institutions, recently gave a lecture before the Geographical Society of Paris, in which he dwelt on the startling growth of the population of the United States. In three centuries, he said, if the present rate of progress was maintained, the United States would have 1,600,000,000 of people. At this statement some one in the audience protested, and sneered at the American nation as a mushroom, which was likely soon to decay. Others disputed the accuracy of his assertions about the actual growth of the population. "Wait," said a third, "until we get Africa opened—and Africa will be opened; then the emigration from Europe will all be directed thither, and America will see her numbers diminish." "The colonization of the African continent is a dream; it cannot be realized!" cried a fourth. "It is, on the contrary, infinitely healthier than America," asserted a fifth; and so the meeting broke up in a tumult.

—

THE announcement of the betrothal of Prince Leopold of England to the Princess Helene Frederica Augusta of Waldeck is hailed with comical expressions of loyal feeling to the royal family by one part of the English press, and by an equally comical expression of disloyalty on the other. The truth is, that the English people care not once jot for the alliances of the younger members of the royal family. The radical newspapers find a grand opportunity for their sarcasm when the approaching marriage of a prince or princess is mooted, because it is usual to ask Parliament for a large grant of money for the maintenance of the young couple. There is a good deal of reason in the complaints against providing out of the public purse for the numerous children of a queen whose wealth must be enormous, and who is saving money all the time. It may happen that on this occasion the ground will be cut away from under the feet of the radicals, for it is rumored that no grant will be asked for. But this is extremely improbable.

—

THERE has been in existence in England for many years a periodical called the *New Moon*, the contributors to which are inmates of lunatic asylums. As a rule the writers display marked ability, and no one would suppose that they were suffering from mental aberration. On one occasion the editor of the above-named paper received complaints from several of the subscribers that the contents of the Journal, although well enough in their way, were lacking in distinctive flavor, and did not betray their origin; so in the next number he gave full play to his refractory contributors. There appeared astounding political revelations; a paper on evolution, with woodcut illustrations on the shape of the human soul at different ages; the designs of a machine to facilitate bodily ascension into heaven in the manner of Elijah; and the first canto of an epic. One number of this character was sufficient. The discontented subscribers expressed themselves satisfied, and begged that they might have no more of Bedlam broke loose in prose and verse.

LIFE AND LOVE.

BY RITA.

Life is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storm of sorrow,
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let life and love be linked together.

Life is a diamond rich and rare,
But love is the lustre that dances there:
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamond to-day may be dust to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind or weather,
Let life and love be linked together.

Life hath a fair and a sunshine face,
But love is the beauty that gives it grace:
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
The sweetest cheeks are paled with sorrow,
And blush to-day may be blanched to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind or weather,
Let life and love be linked together.

Consie's Mission.

BY M. E. A.

PERHAPS there are few situations less conducive to comfort, than to be an occupant of a crowded railway car, in the chill gloom of a winter evening. With its dull smoking lamps, which just afford sufficient light to reveal the general discomfort, its sudden draughts and its grumbling uncomfortable passengers.

At least, so thought Miss Constance Howard, as she shivered beneath the steady current of cold air from the window in front of her, which an asthmatic traveler insisted on having open.

She was not pretty, this little heroine of mine. Indeed, if you except a pair of wonderfully soft, bright eyes, a pleasant smile and a certain charm of manner which stamped her at once as the well-born, well bred little lady that she was, I am afraid you would have pronounced her positively homely.

And to tell the truth, could you have seen her that evening I am afraid you would have been tempted to deny the existence of even these charms, for when the inevitable woman with the cross baby who in this instance seemed endowed with the lungs of three babies and determined to make the best possible use of all of them, addressed some casual remark to her I am afraid her reply was ungracious, not to say snappish, and instead of taking the baby and soothing it to sleep, as any well conducted heroine would have done, she only drew her fur cloak more closely about her, and, turning her back upon the noisy cherub, looked resolutely out upon the bleak New England landscape, which was being blotted out in the rapidly gathering gloom.

But I think even that cheerless ride would not have had the power to so utterly quench her bright spirits if there had not been a deeper cause for unrest in her own thoughts.

Four years previous, Miss Howard had been deeply in love, or had imagined she was, which amounts to the same thing at seventeen.

The object of her devotion was apparently all that could be desired, handsome, and an adept at love-making, and the course of true love seemed destined for once to run smoothly, until Miss Howard accidentally made a discovery, which changed the whole aspect of affairs.

This was, that in the Pennsylvania village from whence her betrothed had come, there was a little blue-eyed maiden breaking her heart because of his faithlessness, and worse than this, that he had never been able to overcome the charm of that first love, and she possessed his heart, though his hand was promised to Miss Howard, or rather to the fortune that would be hers at her majority.

Miss Howard took energetic measures, and before the time set for her own wedding he had married the girl of his choice, who received a substantial token of Miss Howard's magnanimity on her wedding day.

And then the poor little heiress felt in duty bound to make herself very wretched over her lover's defection, and moped and pined like an actual heroine, feeling there was nothing left for her but to die, in an interesting and dramatic manner, and have a touching and appropriate inscription on her tombstone.

At this juncture, Doctor Burton was called in.

Doctor Burton was a fashionable physician, who believed as implicitly in the virtues of bread pills and powdered sugar, at five dollars a visit, as ever doctor did.

But he saw that this was a case powdered sugar could not reach, and having a fondness for the plain little girl whom he had known all her life, he drew her aunt aside, and said:

"She is morbid and sentimental and needs a change. Now I have a sister down in Massachusetts, who has a house full of boys and girls, with no more sentiment about them than so many young colts. They will receive her and make her welcome if I send her and, my word for it, she will come back a changed creature."

Mrs. Egerton, her aunt, a good-hearted, worldly woman, was not a little troubled by her niece's vapors, and readily gave her consent to the experiment.

And Miss Constance was packed off, tag and baggage, to the grand old Massachusetts homestead where she received a welcome.

From blunt Mrs. Gifford down to eleven-year-old Dick all vied in helping her to forget her troubles.

Dick took her long rambles in the woods, and made her his confidant, counsellor and friend.

The three girls made her one of themselves, and she shared in their simple duties and pleasures; and this girl, who at home did not brush her own hair, or button her own boots, learned to make butter almost as golden as Kittie's own, and scorched her face over the kitchen fire, taking lessons in the sweet mysteries of preserving.

And when Ben came home from college, where he was taking a medical course, he took her long drives behind his handsome thoroughbreds, and made as much of her as the others.

To tell the truth, there was something very winning about the shy little girl, and she had not been in the house a week before they all felt the influence of her quiet, gentle ways.

She came back, as Doctor Burton had predicted, a changed creature.

The busy, happy lives of those New England girls, and certain long talks with Mrs. Gifford, had wrought a complete revolution in her feelings.

She no longer coveted a quiet corner in Greenwood cemetery.

She would never be very happy, of course, but she would make others happy, with her time and money.

In short, Constance felt she had a mission.

What it was, she could not quite decide, but, doubtless, the inspiration would come in due time.

And as time passed and the inspiration did not come she grew restless and unhappy, and tempted her aunt to question whether "the last estate" was not worse than the first.

At one time she had serious thoughts of founding an orphan asylum with herself as sole manager and director, and had romantic visions of the little cherubs whose infantile paths she would strew with roses, and who would rise up and call her blessed, but when she visited a genuine asylum and saw what a vast proportion of the cherubs were afflicted with carroty hair, squints, or some equally distressing deformity, she decided that orphans were not her mission.

Then she thought of being a sister of charity and lady bountiful all in one, going into the byways of life, healing the sick, and developing the latent spark of divinity, which is said to exist in the heart of even the most degraded.

But, after she had been swindled by sundry clever rascals, she lost faith in the latent spark and was content to delegate her charities to those whose duty it was to investigate the stories of its object.

In the meantime, she had kept up her intimacy with the Gifffords, spending a part of each summer with them and going down at Christmas to help trim the church and join in the festivities.

But something had happened the preceding summer which led her to question the expedience of repeating her visit, at least for some time to come.

Ben Gifford had passed successively through all the stages of dandyism, sentimentalism, etc., peculiar to youth, especially collegiate youth, and had developed into a very handsome young man, winning the sheepskin which authorized him to prescribe bread pills and powdered sugar, *ad libitum*, if he could find any one willing to pay for the privilege of taking them.

But to Miss Howard he was still the teasing boy of four years before, and her astonishment was only equaled by her indignation when he told her in a way which to do him justice, was very straightforward and manly, that he loved her.

"I have my own way to make in the world, Constance," he said, "and may be thought presumptuous in asking you to marry me who have wealth, but I love you and have always loved you, and I should consider it weak of me to allow any such consideration to prevent my telling you so."

Constance heard him to the end, and then read him a homily upon woman's mission in general, her own in particular, and his presumption which fairly made his ears tingle.

Ben listened with admirable gravity until she had finished, and then suggested, as a high and noble mission, that she should marry Sitting Bear, who just then was causing Uncle Sam not a little trouble, and devote her life to civilizing the old heathen and his troublesome braves.

He even intimated his resolution of visiting the West at no distant day and generously proposed to act as ambassador in her behalf to Sitting Bear.

This capped the climax of his offences, and Miss Howard departed to her city home in high dudgeon.

But somehow her life there seemed more than ever stale and unprofitable, and strive against it as she might, Ben's handsome teasing face haunted her with provoking pertinacity.

She had not intended to make her customary visit this Christmas, but there came such pathetic letters from the girls that she found it impossible to resist them, and besides it might be the last Christmas that there would be an unbroken circle about the generous New England fireside, for before the first spring violets blossomed, there would be a double wedding, and the old farmhouse would lose two of its brightest ornaments.

She was wondering how Ben would receive her, and was planning a dignified but friendly demeanor, when the welcome cry of "Ovar crook!" aroused her, and with a feeling of relief she stepped out on the snowy platform.

She was immediately clasped in a pair of shaggy arms, and received a resounding kiss from a pair of boyish lips.

"Bless me! Dick, what a giant you are getting to be! I scarcely knew you. I thought I was in the embrace of a grizzly bear. You are growing altogether too tall to go about kissing people in that off-hand manner."

"If there is any danger of my growing too tall to kiss you, Consie, I shall put some weights on top of my head and check all further growth in that direction," replied Dick, the unquenchable, as he helped her into the sleigh waiting to receive them.

The sound of the bells brought a merry party out on the wide porch.

Besides the family, there was staying at the house the fortunate gentlemen who were to carry off Clara and Kitty, and a sister of Mr. Derringer, Kitty's lover, who had come, as Dick said, "to spy out the nakedness of the land."

It was a curious satire on fate, the way in which these girls were to marry.

Queenly Clara, with her golden hair and Madonna face, for whom every one almost from her cradle, had predicted a grand match and a brilliant future was to marry Will Chester, whose farm adjoined her father's, and whom she had known all her life and was to waste her beauty in a country farmhouse to the end of the chapter.

And saucy little Kitty, who was the very ideal of a farmer's wife, and only passably pretty, had laughed and pouted her way into stately Mr. Derringer's heart, when he was in the neighborhood on a fishing excursion the preceding summer, and was to be the mistress of his handsome Boston home.

But these girls had received a true New England education, which fitted them for any station in life, and perhaps Clare would make none the worse a farmer's wife, that she was "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair;" and Kitty reign the less acceptable in her husband's exclusive circle that she could make the whitest bread and the sweetest butter in the county.

Constance missed one familiar face from the merry group, and it was with a curious sinking of her heart, considering that he was an object of perfect indifferance to her, that she found Ben, when she entered the parlor, bending over a handsome, showily-dressed young lady, who was running her jeweled fingers over the keys of the piano, and looking up into his face in a way which indicated that at least one of her brother's new-found relatives had found favor in her eyes.

And in spite of the loving welcome she received from all, there was a discordant element in the pleasant family group that night, and in her heart she quite sympathized with Hattie, the youngest of the girls and the pet of the family, when, slipping her arm about her, a mist of unshed tears quenching the brightness of her eyes, she whispered:

"I am so glad you have come, Consie: I feel as though everything was slipping away and leaving me stranded here high and dry in the old farm-house."

The day following, the day before Christmas, was simply perfect.

Clear and cold, but full of warm, bright sunshine that set every twig and bit of grass bending under its weight of ice, ablaze with myriads of jewels.

The whole party were, according to their time-honored custom, to go over and help trim the pretty little church, but first Mr. Chester wished Clara to go with him to inspect some improvements he was making in his house, and she had gone, accompanied by Hattie.

Kitty was in the parlor doing the agreeable to her sister-in-law elect, and Constance, who had taken a violent and inexplicable dislike to that lady, drifted out into the big sunny kitchen, where Mrs. Gifford was busily engaged in domestic duties, evidently sorely missing the helpful hands of her girls, and offered her assistance, which was gladly accepted.

"I feel lost without my girls about me," said Mrs. Gifford sadly. "I know every home-nest must be left desolate sooner or later, when the birdlings fly, but mine are all going at once. It may be our last Christmas together."

"Oh, no!" said Constance soothingly. "Clara will be so near she will almost be at home, and Kitty will not be so far away but that she can come home each Christmas, and then you will still have Hattie with you."

"Hattie must go to Holyoke after the holidays. It will be hard for me to spare her now; but she must have the same advantages the others have had. It was not of the girls I was thinking, but of my boy."

"What boy?" said Constance, with a sudden tremor in her voice.

"Ben. Has he not told you? He is going West immediately after his sister's wedding for five years."

The china saucer Constance was drying, which belonged to a set that was the pride of Mrs. Gifford's heart—so old and quaint were they that they might have come over in the Mayflower, had those grim old Puritans tolerated anything so delicate and pretty—fell to the floor with a sudden crash.

It took Constance a long time to recover the pieces, and when she at length arose it was with a face strangely disturbed by so trifling an accident.

"I am sorry," she said. "It was so clumsy of me, and I know I cannot replace it in all New York."

"Do not worry about it, dear," said Mrs. Gifford, with a keen glance at her white face. "There are things harder to replace than broken china—broken hearts, for instance."

"Is not this a sudden decision of Doctor Gifford's?" said Constance, ignoring this rather enigmatical style of comfort.

"Yes, somewhat. He has a college friend there who has been writing for him to come. There appears to be a better opening for him there than there is here, and my brother, Doctor Burton, advised him to go and give it a trial."

"Will you give me something else to do?" said Constance, when the breakfast things were finished.

"Go into the parlor, dear, and help Kitty entertain Miss Derringer."

"I would rather stay here. I love this dear old kitchen, and you know the old proverb you have so often quoted to me about idle hands."

"Well, you may pare some of those apples, if you wish," said Mrs. Gifford, pointing to a great basketful of rosy-cheeked pippins. "If I can find, Dick, I will send him to help you. And, Constance, I wish you would give that sauce on the stove a stir now and then. Hattie made her first attempt at preserving last summer, and that is one of her failures."

"Here, Ben," she added, as a stalwart figure appeared in the doorway. "Come and help Consie pare these apples. My boys must never become too tall to help their mother," with a proud glance upward at her big, handsome son.

"With the greatest possible pleasure," replied Ben, helping himself to a knife and preparing to obey his mother's behest.

Mrs. Gifford bustled away, leaving them alone with the great basket of pippins between them.

There was silence for a little while, and Ben watched her with merry, quizzical eyes.

"Have you found your mission yet, Miss Howard?" he said at length.

"How unkind you are, Ben," Miss Howard said, the rebellious tears rising to her eyes, "and to think of you going away for so long and not telling me."

"I am going to make overtures to Sitting Bear in your behalf," said Ben, maliciously.

But, to his dismay, suddenly throwing down the industrious knife and burying her face in her hands, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"There, poor little girl, I have pained you," said Ben remorsefully, giving the unoffending basket a savage kick which sent the contents rolling in all directions, "What a brute I am, to be sure; this is what comes of having a houseful of case-hardened sisters, who do not mind being teased.

"Look up, dear, and tell me the truth, that you have found your mission, and that it is just what any other foolish little girl's is, to make just such a good-for-nothing fellow as I, the happiest man alive."

When Mrs. Gifford was summoned from the upper regions a few moments later, by an odor painfully suggestive of the fact that Hattie's failure was a failure indeed, she found her usually tidy kitchen in a sad state of confusion. The basket was overturned and the apples were hiding in every corner, and the failure was pouring a steady stream of liquid sweetness over the well polished stove, down on the white floor.

Constance, with apparently a proper sense of her short-comings, was hiding her diminished head on Ben's immaculate shirt-front, and Ben, not in the least abashed, although there was a ring of true earnestness under the lightness of his manner, said, "This is my Christmas present, mother, have you a welcome for her?"

AFFECTIONATE GEESE.—Geese are generally spoken of as silly creatures. Few people know they are capable of deep attachments. The historian, Pliny, for instance, refers to a philosopher named Lycades, who had a goose which took so strong a fancy to him that it would never leave him, day or night, unless removed by force. The goose was his companion wherever he went, following him through the public streets, and always striving to be with him indoors. This constancy seemed to the philosopher to be inspired by some religious feelings; he, therefore, carefully tended his strange friend while it lived, and when it died, bestowed upon it a magnificent funeral. Many similar stories of the fidelity of geese toward men are known, but, unfortunately, they have not often been so happy in their termination. The tale told by Bishop Stanley of the old blind woman in Germany, who was led to church every Sunday by a gander, is well-known; but not so are numerous other anecdotes of the love shown by these birds for human beings. Bishop Stanley, for example, relates how one of a flock of geese suddenly deserted its natural companions, and, for no apparent reason, attached itself to its master, a Cheshire farmer, and followed him everywhere like a dog. Through the busy streets the faithful creature followed the farmer, as well as about the farm; when he held the plow, the goose marched sedately before him with firm step and head erect; turning sharply when the furrow was completed, and fixing its eyes upon its beloved master, as if to ask his guidance. When the day's work was done the devoted bird would follow the farmer home, enter the house, and at eventide as he sat by the fire, would mount his lap, nestle in his bosom and preen his hair with its beak, as it was wont to do its own feathers. When the farmer went shooting, still the goose would follow him, "getting over the fences," to use the man's own words, "as well as I could myself." And all this without encouragement from his master, who ultimately, taking into his foolish head a superstitious fear that the bird's strange friendship foreboded ill, inhumanly killed the faithful servitor.

Our Young Folks.

NEARLY LOST.

BY KATE KINGSLEY.

"WILL YOU take me for a sail John."

"Phew! you little silly Queen Mab! do you want me to give you as a tit-bit to the fishes?"

The speakers were a little dark-eyed mite of a girl of seven, with fluffy brown hair twining round her forehead, and a tall lad of sixteen, or thereabouts, who regarded his little sister very much in the same light as she regarded her doll.

Bert, who, being two years her senior, thought himself quite manly, now proceeded to put in his word on the subject.

"Well, but, John, it's a fine day, and the sea is as calm as calm."

"And we've a half-holiday, and we want to go," urged Mabel.

"Oh, yes! little people often want to do what isn't good for them," was the elder brother's retort." Don't you see that mist hanging about yonder? Remember that 'tis't summer now."

"'Tis only haze, John," pleaded Mabel; "I'm sure 'tis beautiful here, and oh; so sunny." The child was right. It was one of those fair afternoons which sometimes gladden early October, a few brief hours of hazy glamor, when earth and sea lie as in a happy dream.

"Well, haze or no haze, it might gather round in next to no time, and wrap itself round you." This was John's opinion, their wise brother John whom the two looked upon as somewhat of an oracle. But this afternoon a wayward mood was upon them.

"You are cruel, to speak of a bit of mist wrapping itself round us."

"Well, and if it were to wrap you round, you wouldn't be the first people it had played that trick with. But you're not going; go down to your grotto instead," so spoke John, and went swinging away on an expedition of his own.

"You don't want to take us, that's it," returned Bert, ill-naturedly, "and we'll go and ask Isaac to."

"Well, ask Isaac, if you like, and he'll tell you the same," said the elder brother, looking back over his shoulder, and went speeding away.

On, over the golden sands went the wayward children, their tiny shadows flitting by their sides, on their way to find Isaac. This personage was an old boatman, who often went excursions with one and another of the young spirits who had a wish to spend an hour or two on the ocean wave. This wise old man they found sitting down by the side of his boat, half asleep in the sunshine.

"Isaac, we want you to take us a sail," said Bert" he and his sister halting before him, their shadows doing the same.

"Not to-day, little sir, not to-day." was the reply, and the old man rubbed his eyes, glancing seaward.

"Why, Isaac, why?" questioned Bert.

"Because of signs as I sees over yonder," returned the boatman, pointing with his finger.

"That's nothing, spoke Bert, stoutly.

"I sees a some'at as tells me 'twill be fog afore sundown, and I ain't agoin' to jeopardise two innocent lives like yours for fun." Isaac scratched his head sagely, and cleared his throat, as if he had other reasons to urge against the scheme.

"Let us go alone!" Of course, it was in the desperation of a forlorn hope that Bert said this.

"Not if I knows it, Master Bert, not if I knows it," said the old man, folding his arms, and was soon near to dropping sleep again.

"Let us go to our grotto," suggested Mabel, and Bert, glancing somewhat sullenly at Isaac, turned away, following where she led.

Their grotto was a cool little cave, with a floor of many-colored pebbles, polished by the waves, which washed in over them at high water; there was a projection of rock running round it, which served for seats, a block in the centre for a table, so the children said.

Here they sat down; but, with their boating manis upon them, its enchanting mysteries failed to charm them.

"Oh! I know it isn't going to be mist," grumbled Mabel, returning to the subject.

"No," said Bert, "and it's a shame to have to stay on land, when one wants to go out in a boat." So they crept, step by step, towards having their own will.

"I have it! I have it! we'll go and have old Jenner's boat; he never watches his as Isaac does; and we'll pretend to be the Lady of Shallot, and we'll ship our oars, and glide on, and on." Mabel clapped her hands as she spoke.

"Yes," said Bert, "and our fate is upon us; we must go, the same as she." Poor, foolish children, yielding thus to disobedience! thus, in the spirit of poetry, "wrapped about with romance."

Away up on the stretch of beach they sped. Ah! there stood old Jenner's boat, the oars not far off, its sail furled, but ready for righting if needed, and not a soul in sight, save the two children. They shoved off the Sea Bird—the frail bark they were taking without leave—and never a voice to bid them go back, go back!

Ah! it was pleasant out among the many-tinted waters. Away and away they glided now rowing, as they could, now drifting; they took no heed of distance or time in their sweet dream, more like to the Lady of Shallot than they fancied, gliding on to their fate. Scarce a breath of wind came to them over the waters, but ah! that hazy enemy, standing off, was in truth stealing nearer; preparing to swoop down upon them, as John had told them not so long before. Foolish children! They shuddered as it fell around them—a thin vapor growing denser and still more dense in the distance.

"We'll row for our very lives, and perhaps we may get in before it gets so thick that we can't see," said Bert. And so they did, as bravely as their childish strength would let them.

"Oh, Bert, my oar!" cried Mabel with a sob. Her little unaccustomed hand had let her oar go over the side of the boat.

Bert tried to reach it as it went floating away, and nearly overturned the boat; but it was useless, it went circling away.

"Well, I'll loosen the sail," said Bert, as Mabel began to cry.

"Now, you steer, and I'll attend to the sail."

Steer! attend to the sail! where was the use, when scarce a breath of air was to be felt, only that dense enfolding fog?

Mabel shuddered and shuddered; her thin brown holland dress was quite damp with fog, and still it fell and enfolded them.

It was very, very solemn out there in that frail little boat, drifting, but not towards their home.

"Mabel, if a ship went by, and didn't see us, we should be knocked over and drowned," cried Bert, after they had been silent a little space.

"Oh, Bert, Bert!" The child clung to him in her terror at the thought.

"We ought to pray, like St. Paul; he was shipwrecked, you know," observed the young brother, putting his arm protectingly around her. They both stood by the helm.

"O God, though we were not made to come, as St. Paul was, but came because we would have our own way, save us, for Jesus' sake."

Their tearful "Amen" went stealing out into the mist; then they both stood in silence, and steered and steered, while hours seemed to pass, and nothing but mist, denser and denser, which enfolded them.

Now a faint breeze swept by, another and yet another, a breeze which flapped the sail, and well-nigh capsized the boat.

But Bert shifted the sail; shifting and shifting it, toiling in his puny strength, while Mabel's small hands grasped the rudder and steered as if for dear life.

Ah, joy! the mist was lifting, lifting, lifting; the stars, the fair autumn moon, riding in the heavens, peered down upon them; moonbeams glimmered over the waters; the fog, like a retreating shadowy enemy, circling and rolling away.

Oh! what was that—a dark figure tossing near them, catching the moonbeams again and again? A fishing-smack bearing down on them.

Would those on board see them? Bert waved his handkerchief, with a cry of joy, while Mabel's little hands trembled so that she could scarce hold the rudder.

Would the hardy fisherman see them—two little panting mites in the boat in the moonlight, shouting themselves hoarse? Yes, yes, yes; the smack was drawing near; it was alongside of them; they were rescued—ay, on board the smack, the Susan, among its honest crew.

"Well for ye, little uns, that we came across ye when we did; nor afore, or maybe we should have run into ye, and sent ye to the bottom; and now, with that sail a flyin' ye'd soon have keeled over with this wind a-freshenin.' What made ye put up the sail, young sir?" said one of the men on board.

"We lost one of our oars, and couldn't get along," returned Bert, rather shamefacedly.

"Well, old Jenner must have been mad to let ye out with the boat. 'Tis old Jenner's craft, ain't it?"

"Yes," confessed the boy, "but we took it without leave."

"Well, next time ye go to do such a thing without leave or license, mind ye of this night's work, and how near ye were to mischief—and, maybe, to death—through your own folly in followin' your own bent, two such little sprats as ye are, to.

"Ah, little uns, nothin' good like ever came of goin' against old folks' advice." This was the fisherman's opinion.

They were running into land the while; with the boat—its sail furled—in tow.

But their mamma said, when she had her two small tired sea-farers in bed, and she was sitting by them, in her gentle love, with a little white bed and its occupant on either side of her—

"Don't go against the advice of your elders another time my children; because one, who is wiser than the wisest of us, has said, 'Likewise ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder;' and he knows better than any one how fond, and how frail, and apt his little ones, his babes, his lambs are to please themselves, and to lean to their own understanding, and he would save them, as it were, from their own childish selves."

"Yes, mamma, he saved us to-night, and lifted the mist for us just as Harris's smack was going by," replied Bert, with quivering lips.

"Yes, dear; and may he lift the mists of sorrow, temptation, and sin, from around my darlings through life."

"He will if we ask him, mamma; for we asked him to-night to save us, and he did," said little true-hearted Mabel. And her mamma bowed her head in silent thanksgiving for their rescue.

MONMOR, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

SIRS—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARVER.

THE WINDOW OF DESPAIR.

BY HENRY FRITH.

WE were just out of College, and determined, for the last time, to have one of those pleasant little parties which the first Thursday in every month had, for the last eight years, successively ushered in with so much merriment.

The car came for us, and, laden with prizes, we jumped in, and were received the same evening at the castle of Sauveboeuf by the family of our friend and comrade Leon de Law.

Leon's father was a little, lively, old man; I fancy I can see him now, seated at the long table which was always lengthened to suit the number of guests.

Towards the end of supper, Mr. L. amused himself by telling our fortunes.

"You, Armand," said he, to a great fellow with a profusion of light curls, "you shall be seated upon the bench.

"You will wear a long flowing robe. I will bet a bottle of wine that you will be a judge."

This prophecy excited our mirth; for, indeed, Armand was more of the nature of an epicurean than of the future judge in the council chamber.

I accepted the bet. If Mr. L. were alive now, I should lose it, for Armand is an attorney.

"Done!" cried the old man, "but as we must wait some time before it can be decided, I will, in the meantime, bring up one bottle out of cellar, which I know you will like.

"It has been forty years there. Think of that, my young fellows." He got up and took a candle, and we all prepared to accompany him.

The cellar where he kept his wine was a large vaulted room, similar to church vaults. At the farther end was a little Gothic door, entirely black.

Barrels were laid along the walls, but a skilful eye soon discovered that this was not the original destination of the apartment. The pavement, although now unequal and broken, had been of smooth stone.

The old man was pleased with our surprise and admiration; he seated himself on an empty cask, and raised his candle so as to show every portion to the best advantage. And then the legend! for what old vaulted room has not one? The following is Mr. Law's story.

After the wars with Holland, the youngest son of the Marquis of Sauveboeuf returned to this castle, (belonging to his father,) and resolved to pass the remainder of his days in retirement and repose, after a somewhat disorderly youth.

He was a gallant officer, and handled the sword and the lyre equally well, and was a great favorite with the ladies of his time, and, moreover, a great spend-thrift.

The evening of his arrival he retired to his sleeping room about eleven o'clock. Soon after, all was quiet in the castle. The officer alone did not sleep; he who had been accustomed to the noise and uproar of the nights at Versailles, was disturbed by the silence around him.

The moon was shining brightly, he opened his window and looked abroad on the landscape beneath him.

"The window of despair?" interrupted Leon.

"Hush!" said his father, "I say he opened a window, no matter which one. He was occupied in this manner, when, a little after midnight, on the other side of the river, behind a clump of trees, he saw a white robe float in the wind; and a female figure walked slowly along the bank. The officer rubbed his eyes, and felt, certainly, no inclination to go to bed yet.

"With caution, so as not to be observed, he descended the staircase, unarmed and bare-headed, and arrived at the gate leading to the water. Fortunately a little boat was tied to a tree; he jumped in, and a few strokes of the oar brought him to the other side.

"The lady in white was there still. She turned towards him, and then continued her rambling, quickening her pace a little as she beheld the officer following her. He went on until at last she led him to the top of the Arsenic hill.

"When he arrived here he heard a confused noise of trumpets, cries to battle, the clashing of arms, and tramping of horses, and although the moon shone clear, he could see nothing. Terrified and wearied, the young man sank to the ground.

"All that was known of him afterwards was that he never appeared again under the banner of Louis XIV. He took orders and entered the church.

"He even became afterwards an abbe, no slight honor at that period, for the Abbes of Chancelade were always mitred and crosiered like a bishop."

Saying this, the old man opened the little Gothic door I have mentioned, and we beheld an empty tomb, more modern than the surrounding architecture. On the tomb was placed a figure in stone of a mitred abbot, in tolerable preservation.

On the wall we deciphered, but with great difficulty, the escutcheon of Sauveboeuf, without arms or crown, and some inscriptions.

From one corner of this little apartment, Mr. Law took a bottle of wine, and we bade adieu to the lordly sepulchre of the house of Sauveboeuf. On our return into the dining room, we pressed the old man so anxiously for more details upon this interesting subject, that he sent to his library for an old journal in manuscript, and read as follows.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, the lord of Sauveboeuf, whose ancestors built this castle, was engaged in a war with two neighboring barons, those of Losse and Montignac.

Sauveboeuf had a very pretty daughter; this young lady fell in love with the baron de Losse. One day, when he was permitted to visit at her father's castle, he mounted his horse, and descended the grand staircase backwards. The gentleman also loved her very much, but soon saw a fearful rival in the person of Montignac, who managed to enlist De Losse in war with Sauveboeuf, and by that means to farther his own plans.

A great battle was fought at Sauveboeuf, where the baron de Losse was killed, people said, by Montignac. It is certain, however, that he returned home with Sauveboeuf, who struck him on the shoulder, and called him "son-in-law."

The next day, in the midst of the merry making, an old woman, pale and trembling, entered the banqueting hall. "Sir," exclaimed she, "there is an end to weddings and rejoicings, your daughter has thrown herself out of the window into the river, which flows so fast and so black between the rocks!"

At this sudden news, the Sire de Montignac was so overcome that he swallowed three pints of wine, one after another. As to Sauveboeuf, he swore he would make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and be slain under its walls, but it is not known if he accomplished his vow.

As to the truth of this history, it is indisputable. The window of despairs exist. It is on the north side of the castle, two leagues from the little village of Montignac, and the castle of Losse, on the high Vezere rock, where the waters flow so fast and so black, between the rocks.

THE DUKE'S WAGER.—During Louis XV.'s reign, M. de Sartine, the Lieutenant-General of Police, was said to have brought his system of espionage to such perfection that one-half of France spied on the other half. It was M. de Sartine who won the following curious wager: He was remarking one night that nobody could leave or enter Paris without his knowing it. The Duke de Chevreuse, who was present, undertook to come to Paris and spend a week there without the Lieutenant-General being any the wiser, and he backed this vaunt by a bet of a thousand louis. M. de Sartine took the bet, and the Duke was allowed two years in which to win his wager if he could. During this time the Duke frequently came to Paris in all sorts of disguises, and under a variety of names, but no sooner had he settled at an inn than he received a note from the Lieutenant-General complimenting him upon his arrival. At last the Duke came into Paris disguised as a decrepit old woman selling apples, but he had scarcely hobbled through the gates when a man touched his hat and handed him a letter, in which M. de Sartine begged for the honor of his company at dinner, disguise and all. The Duke paid his wager, but he was so much mortified that he dismissed all his servants, and from that time would never keep any man or woman in his employment for more than three months at a time.

A BANKER'S FORESIGHT.—A noted banker in a western city had an application from an enterprising young merchant for a loan of some magnitude for one of his previous commercial standing. He wisely inquired as to assets, liabilities, and business prospects of the applicant.

"Now," said the banker, "I want to lend you the money. I believe you are honest, prosperous and prompt, but what are your chances for prolonging life? Do you think you will live to pay this loan?"

Mr. Merchant was alarmed, and wondered why Mr. Banker should allude to a subject so tender and at times so unpleasant.

Tremblingly Mr. Merchant said: "Well, Mr. Banker, I have my life insurance paid up, and I think the life company would not have issued a policy unless I was a healthy man."

"That's so, Mr. M.," said the banker, "but do you know I have some anxiety about men who get bilious like you? Life insurance, business ability, honesty, all are good enough as far as they go, but bilious men are repulsive, morose, and often unsuccessful, because they forget their physical condition.

"Let a bilious man neglect himself, he loses his cheerfulness, his buoyancy, his hope, and then his business takes wings and makes its everlasting flight. Then, sir, where is health? It goes with his fortune nine times out of ten. You do something to tone up your system, extract your biliousness and my expectancy on your life is increased and my loan is more secure to me."

Mr. Merchant saw the force of the banker's cheering and exhilarating words, and with a new hope that covered his face like the sunshine on a field of wheat after a storm, said: "Mr. Banker, I don't drink, and the only thing I know of what will meet my case is to go and buy one of Dr. Holman's Liver Pads. If you say so, I'll go and buy one and wear it."

The banker said: "Now, sir, you talk sense. I wear one myself, and would not part with it for $1,000 if I knew I could not get another. You wear one, and I'll make the loan."

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2.
Address HOLMAN PAD CO.,
744 Broadway, N. Y.

Grains of Gold.

'Tis the will that makes the action good or ill.

The height of meanness is to exult in its success.

Neither worth nor wisdom comes without an effort.

One vice worn out makes us wiser than fifty tutors.

What seems only ludicrous is sometimes very serious.

Kindness in return for unkindness is of itself a reproof.

The heart has reasons that the reason does not understand.

Little things console us because little things afflict us.

An old man repents of that of which a young man boasts.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

It is a barren kind of criticism which tells you what a thing is not.

How we do love to shut our eyes to what we fear may be a reality.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.

The cruellest wiles are too short and ragged to cover a bad heart.

Have patience with all things, but chiefly have patience with yourself.

Happiness and unhappiness are qualities of mind—not of place or position.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.

There is no greater sign of a mean and sordid man than to dote upon riches.

Justice without strength, and strength without justice; fearful misfortunes.

The two powers which constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.

Many often judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice.

Happiness is always the inaccessible castle which sinks in ruin when we set foot on it.

Never exhibit too great a familiarity with a new acquaintance: you may give offence.

Ask myself daily to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition.

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

Religion which does not suffice to govern and control a man, will never suffice to finally save him.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

No man ever preaches his sermon well to others if he does not first preach it faithfully to his own heart.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects.

Impoliteness is derived from just two sources: indifference to the divine and contempt for the human.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

A Spanish proverb says men are usually tempted by the devil, but an idle man positively tempts the devil.

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.

If you love each other, you need not spend your time in saying so; for your life will tell the truth even when your lips fail to do so.

You need no better evidence that a man is corrupt than to hear him condemn all others as corrupt. "Thou that judgest, doest the same thing."

There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords; there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life.

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face morning, noon, and night.

Round dealing is the honor of a man's nature, and a mixture of falsehood is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better; but it embaseth it.

A Strong Endorsement.

A lady, residing in Georgia, whose son was threatened with consumption, wrote to several of our old patients, whose testimonials in favor of Compound Oxygen we had published, asking if these printed testimonials were true. Among them was T. S. Arthur, the well-known author, who replied to her, June 17th, 1880, as follows: "Mrs. M——s: In reply to your favor, I will state that the testimonial to which you refer is genuine. From what I have myself experienced, and from what I know of the effect of Compound Oxygen in others, I am satisfied this new remedy is one of remarkable curative power. Your son, I think, can hardly fail to receive benefit. Others as badly diseased, and suffering for many years, have been cured, or greatly relieved, by this Treatment, as you will see by Drs. Starkey & Palen's Report of Cases, which I am well assured are authentic." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

If you wish to rise with the sun do not sit up too late with the daughter.

Tottie—"I wonder why dolls are always girls, Tom?" Tom—"Because boys hate to be made babies of."

Perhaps it is the powder on the cheeks of the fair maiden that blasts the hopes of so many young men.

Some distinguished authority has said that "in woman you behold the wildest, the lamb, and the dove."

A cruel maiden: "Are you lonely tonight, Miss Ada?" "No, sir; I wish I were lonelier." And he bade her adieu.

Lamps in which perfumed or scentless oil is burned are considered more refined for lighting a reception-room than gas.

A coquette treats a lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement or show, and then picks him quietly to pieces.

Want to know how to tell the most stylish dress? Get in a crowd, and mark the one that the majority of the women turn up their noses at.

Abdallah, the father of Mahomet, was a poor camel-driver, but so handsome that when he married, two hundred despairing maidens died broken-hearted.

A man in the suburbs calls his wife "Shadow," because she is continually following him around. We take it for granted that he is afraid of his own Shadow.

Ices retaining the flavor of the fruit are introduced into the skins of peaches, lemons, pears, bananas, oranges, and even grapes, for the most sumptuous dinners.

Mrs. Taylor, living twelve miles north of Wyoming, Kan., presented her amazed husband with four of "the cutest little babies in the world." Each weighed four pounds.

The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can; but, unfortunately, young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a waist.

Mrs. Rebecca Solomon, a San Francisco lady, died last week of pyæmia, resulting from the bite of an insect on her upper lip. The insect is supposed to have been feeding on some diseased animal.

Mrs. Miningshares, who says one of her daughters is a "bronze," and the other a "blunette," cannot understand why ladies of wealth and fashion waste their time filling parlors with "bricks-a-brac."

The growing custom of wearing mourning for a deceased sweetheart should be discouraged. When half a dozen different girls suddenly appear in black at a young man's funeral, the situation is embarrassing.

Speaking of a well-known singer, a critic says: "She might be a more attractive singer if in the middle of the most affecting passage she did not look as though she were counting how much money there was in the house."

The other day an Indianapolis woman horsewhipped her divorced husband. He felt as good as though he had got married again, and wanted to know what it profiteth a man to get a divorce if this sort of thing was to be kept up.

A cook once replied to a lady who was always complaining of the dirt in the kitchen, "Well, ma'm, it's that nasty 'orrid sun as makes all the dirt. In my last place we had a sunny kitchen downstairs, and never even used the sun, and it never were dirty."

On a tombstone in a French cemetery may be read the following inscription: To the memory of Claudine Menu, wife of Etienne Renard, died January 20th, 1855, aged 46 years, regretted by her four children, Anna, Pierre, Francois, and Barbe, all dead before her.

"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

A young lady, recently graduated from Vassar College, desires to know if we would recommend her to continue the study of metaphysics, or to commence the study of higher mathematics. It is very vulgar of us, we know, but we have advised her to take a course of boil a potatorology and cookiphysics.

Logical deduction: She was a Boston lady of culture. She stood watching a canal boat loaded with ice, as it was being locked into the canal from Lake Champlain. "What is that boat loaded with?" "Ice," was the reply. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, "if the horrid stuff should melt, the water would sink the boat."

A certain paper raises the question as to whether a saleswoman has a right to draw the patronage of customers from a shop that she leaves to another. It makes no difference whether she has a right to do it or not. Customers will follow an agreeable saleswoman, even if the store to which she goes has a smaller stock than that which she leaves. Young men have even been known to follow one to her home.

French juries do not err on the side of harshness. A girl who had surrendered, and was tried for setting on fire the wood-yard of a married lover who had slighted her, was triumphantly acquitted. Her lawyer had invested the case with a sensational interest, and the girl's family had paid the company which insured the wood-yard for its losses. In America this would be held to be compounding a felony. In France juries would count it honorable.

Why Wear Plasters?

They may relieve, but they can't cure that lame back, for the kidneys are the trouble, and you want a remedy to act directly on their secretions, to purify and restore their healthy condition. Kidney Wort has that specific action, and at the same time it regulates the bowels perfectly. Don't wait to get sick, but get a package to-day, and cure yourself. Liquid and dry sold by all druggists.—Germantown Telegraph.

News Notes.

Antique heads, with jeweled eyes, are the clasps for bracelets.

Gloves for evening wear have gold, steel, or jet beads up the back.

"Frightened Mouse" color is a pale grey, with a dash of greenish brown in it.

The standing army of little Belgium is twice as large as that of the United States.

Stiff, upright collars are edged with pearls. Pleated lace is outside and inside the collars.

The "old pewter" craze threatens to rival the craze for old porcelain in New England.

A Northampton, Mass., man boasts that he has attended church for fifty years at an aggregate expense of $1.

King Alfonso, of Spain, is a capital shot, but his mother and eldest sister equal, if not excel, him with a gun.

A number of New York liquor dealers have combined to resist the attacks of the Temperance Brotherhood.

An estimate of contents of skulls in cubic inches give 79 to the Australian, 85 to Africans, and 91 to Europeans.

According to late statistical researches, the proportion of boys born to girls, is as one hundred and five to one hundred.

The Pennsylvania anthracite coal mines produced 25,000,000 tons last year; 30,000,000 will probably be produced this year.

In Georgia there is a man who for thirty-three years had been in bed, suffering great agony from rheumatism, and being unable to move.

A tramp recently sent to the Workhouse at Davenport, Iowa, had in his pocket a certificate of admission to the bar of the Iowa Supreme Court.

The duties of Queen Victoria's "personal servants," of whom John Brown is one, consist principally in conveying her orders to other domestics.

So extensive has been the export of apples that Boston alone has sent to Europe and elsewhere the last year more than six hundred thousand barrels.

The French, in their marches through Tunis, are obliged to carry water on camels, as the Romans carried it during their campaign against Jugurtha.

Australia imported English sparrows to kill worms, but it is found that the birds are the worst pest of the two, and bounties are offered for their destruction.

President Arthur keeps his dead wife's portrait, which hangs in his room at the White House, wreathed with flowers, which are renewed every day.

One of the causes of the deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans is thought to be the decayed and rotten timber in private houses and public buildings.

Among the members of the lower house of the Tennessee Legislature are a white man and a negro who held the position of master and slave during the war.

Two brothers in Pella, Ia., have lately received from Holland a draft for $1,000 to repay money borrowed of their father by the sender thirty-two years ago.

After all the outcry about California being overrun with Chinese, the census shows that there are but 72,145 Chinamen in that State, and only 105,465 in the whole Union.

A flying squirrel, having been kindly treated by a young lady in this State, went back to the woods, and brought, successively, nine more to enjoy her hospitality.

At Zwicken, Saxony, spectacles have cured a very short-sighted mare of shying. How many poor animals have been beaten on account of a natural defect of the eyes.

The State of Georgia has one town—Macon—in which there is a queer superstition. The merchants say that when an organ-grinder enters the town the price of cotton falls.

The young Duke of Portland, one of the wealthiest of English noblemen, has an income of about $600,000 a year; and his predecessor, the eccentric Duke, left him $7,250,000 in cash.

The cheapest riding in the world is on the underground railroads of London. Some of them carry workingmen twelve miles for a penny—two cents. The passengers last year numbered over 120,000,000.

The Westphalian Zoological Society recently enjoyed an extraordinary banquet. The company were served with cutlets of lioness, a ragout of badger, a bustard and a crane stuffed with chestnuts and plums.

The Cape Ann *Advertiser* suggests that next year the mackerel fleet may be supplied with powerful calcium lights, to be carried at the mastheads, and the fishery will be extensively prosecuted in the night time.

The Reading *News* tells the story of a man who lost a hen by theft, and on finding her on another man's premises, identified her by commanding her to sing, which Biddy, having a weakness in that direction, accordingly did.

The report of the Health Officer of Montreal, Canada, for the month of November, shows that about 60 per cent. of the city mortality was of children under one year of age. It is asserted that many of these children are waifs sent out to nurse, who are literally starved to death.

One Experience from Many.

I had been sick and miserable so long, and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve, and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural; but when I told them what had helped me they said "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well, and us happy."—The Mother.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medicinal properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK PLEASANT SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether [illegible] Scrofula, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or [illegible] chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but it corrects the harmful action of each of the organs. In curing [illegible] removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cure [illegible] suffering from Scrofula, Erupt[illegible] Mouth, Face, Legs, Throat and [illegible] cumulated and spread, either from [illegible] cases of mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other [illegible] taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE THE WORST COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT DISEASE AMONG SUDDEN AT [illegible] DEMICS AND EPIDEMICS. [illegible] DISEASE—[illegible] LARE [illegible] PEOPLE [illegible] TO LIVE [illegible] OR YEARS [illegible] TENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED [illegible] NATURALLY [illegible] FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASE TO EXIST. In all [illegible] cases of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria, Croup, Influenza, Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Liver, Kidneys, [illegible] Ague, or with Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Toothache, Earache, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Chronic Diarrhœa, Palpitation of the Heart, or with Hysterics, Pains or Aches of any kind, or Weakness, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, or with Pain in the Bowels, Stomach or Intestines, Cramps or Pains of any kind, Chronic, Intermittent, and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, or Congestion of the Kidneys, Bladder, or

—A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION—

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, **and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.**

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping; and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these aids*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States.

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 715 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent—all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK.

And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned—

THE METHODIST,
THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,
THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,
THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,
THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,
THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,
N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER

Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices,
And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash water in the tea kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—*(a full hour is the best)* and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes—*but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how small any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather, where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

New Publications.

Of the many guides and seed and plant catalogues sent out by our seedsmen and nurserymen, and that are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are so beautiful, none so instructive as "Vick's Floral Guide." Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the thousand, while its colored plates are gems. This work, although costing but ten cents, is handsome enough for a gift book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

"Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac" for 1882 is received. It will be found useful to farmers and others. It may be had gratuitously by addressing Landreth & Co., Phila., Pa.

"Life" is the title of a new weekly illustrated paper started in this city. It is edited with ability, and the pictures are excellent. It proposes to have a field of its own, which will include social, art, political and other topics of general interest. C. J. Arms, editor, Seventh and Chestnut Sts.

A book that well expresses its value in its title, is "What Every Mother Should Know," by Edward Ellis, M. D., one of England's best physicians. It contains in a brief form an amount of information, the importance of which it is difficult to estimate. Everything essential to the proper rearing and treatment of children is spoken of in a way that all can readily comprehend and apply the directions. Its reading by mothers would do much towards lightening their labors and troubles generally. Price, 75 cents. Presley Blakeston, publisher, 1012 Walnut St., this city.

A volume that will be heartily welcomed by the reading public is "The Fortunate Island and Other Stories," by Max Adeler. It is not exactly in the vein of writing that has made the author's name famous, but enough of the old quality is retained with much that is novel and striking, to make the departure a source even of higher interest. No one can help being amused by this work, and though the writer allows it to be inferred that instruction is not a main object, the fact that he accomplishes the purpose of entertaining so well, more than makes good the latter shortcoming. We can recommend it as sure to please. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1.00.

"Faith and Unfaith" is a love story of English high life, by the author of Phyllis, and Molly Bawn. That it is from the pen of this popular writer in itself is conclusive of its excellence. There is a striking depth and naturalness of plot, if no great originality, and the characters, although comparatively few, are all described with a master hand. Altogether, it is a book which once taken up will be read through to the end. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price, 60 cents.

"My Lord and My Lady," by Mrs. Forrester, is a well-conceived story well worked. The scene is English, and the actors mainly of the best society. It introduces reproductions of the usual cold-blooded, gold-seeking woman, who marries a nobleman without loving him, and who subsequently meets her fate, which brings about her husband's death. Then we have a pure-minded, loving maiden, who follows the dictates of her heart; the untitled, but in other respects, peerless youth who is enshrined in her bosom, accessory characters, etc., all moving in a very neatly involved and interestingly developed drama. It will well repay the time taken in its perusal. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price, 60 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of Art, one of the finest books of its kind ever published, contains for January the following articles, most of which are splendidly illustrated: Leaving Home; Rosa Bonheur; The Venice of Titian; How to Hang Pictures; Decorative Iron-work; Nottingham Castle Museum; The Prodigal Son, statue; Instantaneous Photography; Round About the Farm; Pictures from the Hill Collection; Homage to the Arts; The Burgomaster; Art Notes, etc., etc. To all art lovers we heartily commend this grand work. Price, 35 cents per number. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York.

St. Nicholas for January is crowded with the brightest reading matter and the prettiest pictures that money can procure. Its frontispiece is a charming picture illustrating a fairy story of the Rhineland. Frank R. Stockton's story, "The Poor Count's Christmas," begun in the December number, is concluded. A curious illustrated tale of Modern Greek Folk-lore is told by Hon. Jeremiah Curtin. There are several other short stories, and the serials, Donald and Dorothy, by Mary Mapes Dodge; The Hoosier School-boy, by Edward Eggleston; and A Drummer Boy's Recollections, by Rev. H. M. Kieffer—are continued. In an article on How to Make Puppets and Puppet Shows, Mr. Daniel C. Beard explains to the boys and girls how they may entertain the family circle, parties and others. The other features include poems, humorous verses, reading for little folk, letter-box, riddle-box, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, etc. The Century Co., publishers, New York.

The Century Magazine contains a paper and portrait on Thiers; an article on Mexico; A Provincial Capital; The Caverns of Luray; The Revival of Burano Lace, one of the drawings of which is by the Princess Louise; Who Were the Chartists; From Mentor to Elberon, a paper on Garfield, by Col. Rockwell; Oriental and Early Greek Sculpture. All of these articles are finely illustrated. Other matters are: The Increase of Divorce; The Legal Aspects of the Mormon Question; English and American Song Birds, etc. There are also instalments of Through One Administration, A Modern Instance, short stories, poetry, and the usual well-filled departments of Topics of the Time, The World's Work, etc. Century Magazine Publishers, New York.

The Record of Growth is the title of a new monthly journal, in magazine form, devoted to the material development of Philadelphia and its vicinity. It is a work that seems to fill its chosen field well, and is edited with marked ability. Published by F. A. Davis, 925 Chestnut St.

Arthur's Home Magazine for January contains an unusually attractive list of contents. Among them are several finely-illustrated articles, the valuable home departments, and the extensive variety of choice interesting matter that have given this popular magazine its high standing. T.S. Arthur & Son., publishers, this city.

The January *Wide Awake* is a Christmas number, and full of the best Christmas stories, poems, and pictures, especially noticeable being a series of seven "Poems of Christmas-tide," by Mary E. Wilkins—all illustrated. Among the other contributors are Edward E. Hale, Amanda B. Harris, Margaret Eytinge, David Ker, Arthur Gilman, Sophie May, Hezekiah Butterworth, and many more. It is a large number, and full of good things. Published by Lothrop & Co., Boston. $2.50 a year.

The Popular Science Monthly for January contains the following interesting articles: Earth-worms and Their Wonderful Works, by W. H. Larrabee, (illustrated); Astronomy in High Schools, by Miss Eliza A. Bowen; Time-keeping in Paris, by Edmund A. Engler, (illustrated); Jurassic Birds and Their Allies, by Professor O. C. Marsh; What is Transcendental Physics? by Paul R. Shipman; New Guinea and its People, by Rev. W. G. Lawes, (illustrated); Sanitary Relations of the Soil, by Dr. Max Von Pettenkofer; Progress of Copyright Law, by Benjamin Vaughan Abbott; Volcanic Products, (illustrated); The Chemistry of Coffee and Tea, by Albert B. Prescott; The Anatomy of an Old Anecdote, by William W. Billson; The Bunsen Lamp, (illustrated); The Colorado Desert, by Joseph F. James; Sketch of Professor John W. Powell, (with portrait); Entertaining Varieties, Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany, and Notes. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

A Journal that no physician who desires to keep up with his profession can well do without is the *Medical News*. It is published at 10 cents a number. $5.00 a year. Edited with marked ability, it is one of the leading publications of its class in the country. Henry C. Lea's Sons, this city, publishers.

THE KUGELKAMMER AT BERLIN.—In a quiet nook of the Royal Castle at Berlin, not accessible to the general public, there is a small plainly furnished room known for more than two centuries past to the successive custodians of that ancient pile by the quaint designation of the Kugelkammer, or "Bullet-Chamber." The origin of this title is due to the following curious historical incident: In the year 1631 Gustavus Adolphus, the heroic King of Sweden, sate down before Berlin with his army and opened peace negotiations with George William, then Elector of Brandenburg, taking the precaution, however, to erect batteries in commanding positions within close range of the city with a view to exercising a wholesome and timely pressure upon him and his military advisers. Under these circumstances, naturally enough, George William promptly came to terms with his royal adversary; and the King delighted at the success of his manœuvre, instructed his artillerists beyond the walls to fire a grand round in honor of the treaty concluded between himself and the Elector. His orders were at once obeyed, when, to the consternation of the Berliness, a storm of missiles burst upon their house-roofs. The gallant Swedes had forgotten to draw the balls from their cannon. Four of these shot penetrated the walls of the Royal Castle, and were subsequently dug out from their lodgments in different portions of the building to be collected and ever after carefully preserved in the chamber which, to this day, is named after them.

REJECTED A KING.—It is related of Bernadotte that when he was a corporal in the French army, he proposed marriage to a peasant girl, who by the advice of her friends, rejected him because he was a poor soldier. After he became King of Sweden she wrote to him and asked for the washing of the palace, which he granted.

WRITE to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.

LUCK.

Luck's the giddiest of all creatures,
Nor likes in one place long to stay;
She smoothe the hair back from your features,
Kisses you quick—and runs away!

Dame Ill-Luck's in no such flurry,
Nor quick her close embrace she quits;
She says she's in no kind of hurry,
And sits upon your bed—and knits.

Facetiæ.

A great object in life—A giant.

A swell of the ocean—An admiral.

Butter is strong, but cheese is mitey.

The cheapest mode of living—On flats.

On the safe side—The handles of a fireproof.

A long and successful reign—That of the deluge.

"What a cell!" as the convict said to the turnkey.

Somewhat limited acquaintance—Knowing your own mind.

Why is a beggar like an attorney?—Because he is a solicitor.

"Laying down the law"—The judge on the point of resigning.

To say the good die young is a standing invitation for a small boy to be bad.

What species of love is that which is never reciprocated?—A neuralgic affection.

"I'm down on you," as his small moustache remarked to the youthful Pilkins.

A teacher says: "In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza."

Another lie nailed," as the wag remarked when the merchant tacked up a sign "At cost."

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the State prison.

We wonder where the editor got his information who says "a good conscience can bear a great deal.

In a late obituary notice it was beautifully said of the subject of it, "His word was better than his bond."

Taxidermy for parents at the present season—If you want to preserve your children, do not stuff them.

"You have a striking countenance," as the donkey said to the elephant when he hit him over the back with his trunk.

A reporter, in describing a railway disaster, says: "This unlooked-for accident came upon the community unawares."

"The sacred heavens around him shine," wrote the poet. The compositor put it: "The sacred hyenas around him whine."

The world will never progress far enough to believe that a man's black eye was caused by anything else than somebody's fist.

The Chinese are becoming numerous in Chicago. Hating Christianity as the Chinese do, they seek for locations where they will have but little of it to contend with.

Considerable surprise and excitement was created in Third Street the other day by a prominent operator appearing on the steps of an office with his hands in his own pockets.

PEARL'S White Glycerine penetrates the skin, and removes all faults of the complexion. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY WORT

50 No two alike for 10 cents. Samples 10 cents. C. W. BROOKS, Fulney, Vt.

75 Lovely FRENCH CHROMO Cards with name on 10c. Clas. Kay, New Haven, Ct.

A SENSATION

Has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills; their popularity and sale is unprecedented.

They supply a need long felt, and must become a household remedy. Just think—to be cured in a few weeks of these terrible nervous troubles and awful suffering from Sick Headache, Neuralgia, and Dyspepsia, and the nervous system put in a natural and healthy condition, destroying the Possibility of Paralysis, Angina Pectoris, and sudden death, which is carrying off so many noble men and women in the full tide of life and usefulness.

This simple remedy of Extract of Celery Seed and Chamomile Flowers, combined in the form of pills, is a boon to humanity. It has saved the lives of thousands of nervous, headaching children in our schools and out every year. No nervous person or sufferer from Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Paralysis will do themselves justice until they try them.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 108 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. O. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The name of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is heard in every dwelling, it finds a place in every household, and its praises are sounded throughout the whole Western Hemisphere, as a general invigorant, a cure for sick headache, a specific for flatulency and sour stomach, an appetizing stomachic, an excellent blood depurent, and a certain remedy for intermittent fever and kindred diseases.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR

THE DIAMOND DYES.

are the Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for any color wanted and be convinced. Set of fancy cards, samples of ink and 1 p'k'g. dye, all mailed for 10 cents. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Census of the United States Free!

We will send a complete census of the United States by counties for 1880, a map of the United States, and a list of all cities in the United States having over 10,000 inhabitants, on receipt of stamp to pay postage. We have 100,000 of them to give away. Address RENNER MANUFACTURING CO., 117 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREE. 100 SELECTIONS for Autograph Albums, 1 pk Transparent Cards, 1 pk Fun Cards, 1 pk Escort Cards, 1 pk Flirtation Cards, Language of Flowers, 6 Actress Pictures, 1 Star Puzzle, 2 Chemical Puzzles, and an eight-page literary paper on trial 3 months. All the above sent on receipt of 15c. in stamps to cover postage, &c. Address KENDALL & CO., Boston, Mass.

40 very finest mixed Cards 10c. Agents wanted. Cash pay. 20 samples 5c. List free. C. A. VICK, Tuscola, Mich.

$600 A YEAR and expenses paid agents. Contract for 5c. U.S. TEA CO., Madison, Wis.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 5c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

Humorous.

"Don't wear tight shoes," may be described as a two-foot rule.

A polite notice in a saw-mill reads: Do not handle the buzz-saw while in motion.

When an old actress is painting her face to look young, she is making up for lost time.

Happiness is like a pig with a greasy tail, which everybody runs after, but nobody can hold.

Why is the letter n like a faithless lover? Because it is sure to be in constant—yes, doubly so.

Why is a certain kind of window called a bay window? Because people go there when they look out to sea.

The man who can see sermons in running brooks is most apt to go and look for them on Sundays when trout are biting.

There is no accounting for the taste of the fair sex for ornaments. Among the present fashionable devices are turtles and shrimps.

A drinking man was told by his physician to hold his breath, while he counted his pulse, but he couldn't do it. His breath was too strong for him.

"Is patriotism dying out?" asks the *Inter-Ocean*. No, sir; not much it isn't. In places where there are no saloons they sell it in every drug store.

"Whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," is a Biblical expression. In modern parlance it is termed a reversible cuff.

Economy is wealth. A lady of this city who found a baby in a basket on her doorstep, took the infant to the station-house, but saved the basket to carry home her marketing.

The butcher has been blamed for charging as much for the bone as for the flesh, but you must remember he does not require you to take the bone. He carefully removes all he can before he sends it home.

KIDNEY-WORT moves the bowels regularly, cleanses the blood, and radically kills kidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headache, and pains which are caused by disordered liver and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try it? Your druggist will tell you that it is one of the most successful medicines ever known. It is sold in both Dry and Liquid form, and its action is positive and sure in either.—Dallas (Tex.) Herald.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

When death was hourly expected all remedies having failed, and Dr. R. JAMES was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that CONSUMPTION can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this Recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address, CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

FAY'S Building Materials for Roofs, walls, and Ceilings in place of Plaster. Samples free, Camden, N. J.

ANOTHER BOOM FOR AGENTS.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK is decidedly THE BEST "The Prince and the Pauper,"

Will outsell all his previous works, and offers you the best chance of your life to make money rapidly. Old agents will act promptly and secure choice territory, and we advise you to do the same. Outfits now ready. *Send at once* for circulars and terms to

H. N. HINCKLEY, Publisher, 148 Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

75 (no 2 alike) All new style Chromo Cards, Moss-rose Buds, Lilies, Ferns, Scrolls, Autumn leaves, &c., lithographed in brilliant colors, your name in GOLD & JET 10c. *Printers* supplied with blank cards at the lowest rates. Our stock of Bevel-Edge, Imported Chromos and SATIN FRINGE Cards is unequalled. Please send 25c. for Agents book of the most lovely samples you ever saw. We pay the highest commission and offer the most elegant premiums. AMERICAN CARD CO., West Haven, Conn.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES *Free*, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferers. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Edith M. Hall Copper Name Stamp, with ink and pad sent for $1.00. The same made of rubber for 60 cts. Send 3c. stamp for circulars of Postmasters complete set, and Stamps, etc., of all kinds. J. Goldsborough, 729 Chestnut St., Phila.

A Sure relief for Asthma. KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 50 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

300 Choice Poetical Selections for Autograph Albums, neatly bound; 350 spicy Motto Verses and 25 Popular Songs, all for 12 cents, postpaid. PATTEN & WADE, 9 Barclay Street, N. Y.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, ten set reeds, only $65. PIANOS, $125 up. RARE HOLIDAY INDUCEMENTS ready. Write or call on Beatty, Washington N. J.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Scrap &c. in fancy case 10c. Samples 2c. Empire Card Co, Birmingham, Ct.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. "58

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all Kidney Complaints and for all diseases of the

—LIVER.—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the remedy you need.

FAIL NOT TO TRY IT.

PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

AGENTS WANTED.—A Rare Chance to make money rapidly, selling our New Book:

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of *to-day*, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLAS BROS., 53 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA.

Four First Premium Medals Awarded.

More agreeable to the taste, and smaller dose than than other Magnesia.

For sale in Government-Stamped Bottles, at Druggists' and Country Stores, and by

T. J. HUSBAND, JR., PHILADELPHIA.

Agents Wanted EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL and TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $100 Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

Diary Free for 1882, with improved Interest Table, Calculator, etc. Sent to any address on receipt of two Three-Cent Stamps. Address, CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave. Phila.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

12c. "A Violet From Mother's Grave" & 49 other popular songs, words and music, entire, all for 12 cents. PATTEN & Co, 7 Barclay Street, N. Y.

Singer's Specialties. To know your full value please, highest, most musical tones, you must try the new singer. Great like, beautiful, and strong, use VOICE BANK. Trial box, 25 c. Circulars free. Voice Bank Co., 94 W. 24th St., Cincinnati, O.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $35.00. THEO. A. J. HARRACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

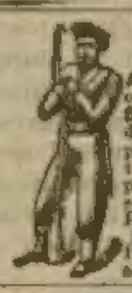
BRANSON KNITTER

For Manufacturing or Family Use.

Either with or without steam power. Over 3,000 in use, and acknowledged to be all that is claimed for it, and without a rival. Makes seamless hose of all sizes, double heel and toe. Will not get out of order, and girls and boys 10 to 15 years old operate them. For full particulars address,

J. L. BRANSON, 909 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Or 204 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PENSIONS.



ARE PAID every soldier disabled by accident or otherwise. A WOUND of any kind; loss of finger, toe or eye. RUPTURE, if but slight; diseases of Lungs or Varicose Veins give a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows, orphans and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 2 stamps for copy Pension and Bounty Acts. Address,

P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. Refer to the Banking Co. and Pres't Central Bank, both of Indianapolis.

WHITE GLYCERINE Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, impurities and discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 3 cakes by mail 40c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop'r, Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

Catarrh.

Rev. T. P. Childs, Troy, Ohio has the only known means of Permanent Cure for this loathsome disease. A full Statement of his method sent free. CURE yourself at HOME. No charge for consultation by mail. Address

REV. T. P. CHILDS TROY, OHIO

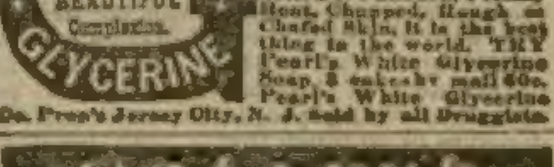
FARMERS, Engineers, Mechanics, Millowners, Miners, Merchants, &c., will find in MOORE'S UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1016 pages, 500 Engravings, 461 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Industrial Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules, &c., of rare utility in 300 Trades. A $5 book free by mail for $2.50, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer or Business Man. *Agents Wanted.* Sure sale everywhere for all time. For Ill. Contents Pamphlet, terms, and Catalogue of 500 fast selling Books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 23 Beekman St., New York.

OPIUM

And Morphine Habit, can be cured in from 10 to 30 days—no pay till cured. Established 10 years, 1,000 cured. Refer to patients in all parts of the country. Dr. F. E. Marsh. Box 176, Quincy, Mich.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25c money, or 40c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 64, Fultonville, N. Y.

READ THE FUTURE!



Patents, Trade Marks, Etc.,

obtained by CHAS. A. RUTTER, 64 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

70 YOUR Name in Handsome Script Type on Beautiful Chromo Cards, 10c. Latest styles, sentiment, Friendship, Scroll & Motto Series, 12 packs $1.00. Prompt returns. Royal Card Co., P. O. Box 21, Northford, Ct. **70**

50 ELEGANT New Imported Styles of Chromos, Our Fruit, Flowers and Bird Series, in Beautiful Colors, name in Fancy Script Type, 10c. Agents Sample Book, 25c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Ct.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune; outfit worth $10 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name on 10c. New & Artistic designs, all new; largest best pack sold. A Queen of Samples free. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, C

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert judges fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called **Diamante Brilliants.** They are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are tempered, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of testimonials daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $10 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants**, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are satisfied to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to obtain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and then you we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums**, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help to get others, but continue our patrons for many years. *The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting*

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of three dollars we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—to three, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants.**

We warrant them to be solid gold (not rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A **club of two** subscribers to **The Post**, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, **Free.** A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers renew any one premium by sending $2 instead of $3. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—*The Post* is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its eighty-first year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting promises of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Floricultural Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. *The Post* is the cheapest paper in existence. It has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express-office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a little slip the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post, 725 Sansom St., Phila., Pa

70 ALL NEW STYLE CHROMO Cards, beautiful designs, name on 10c. **50** Elegant new designs, the handsomest pack ever sold, name 10c. or 25 Extra large Chromos 10c. Cardon Printing Co. Northford Ct.

It Pays to sell our Rubber Printing stamps; samples free. J. M. Mitten & Co., Cleveland, O.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

PLUSH may be safely called the key note of winter fashions; scarcely a costume, mantle, or bonnet is seen that does not owe something to the popular favorite. Plush is produced in an almost endless variety of colors and designs; there are tartan plushes chequered with innumerable fine stripes of the most lovely variegated tints; others, again, have a surface somewhat similar in appearance to swansdown; Algerian plushes are rich in the coloring of the stripes, and moire plush is not less so in the charming reflets in which no other material so abounds. Plush, however, is usually employed in the form of trimming for costumes, not for the dress itself; but it is used as a lining for vetements and for mantles. There are also very handsome sorties de bal of this material, and trains of dinner dresses, and our modistes are making use of it with admirable effect on winter chapeaux as for instance, in the case of a Directoire chapeau of moire plush, with strings of wide plush ribbon, not tied under the chin, but simply fastened there with a jewelled pin.

Side by side with plush, there are marvels of beauty in cashmeres, cloth, limpusine, moire, satin merveilleux, brocades with large designs in the shape of huge flowers, or Egyptian eccentricities of somewhat questionable taste.

In less costly tissues there are very pretty glossy vigognes, in imitation of surah, cashmere marveilleux, chequered vigognes, and woolen Algerian materials, and an innumerable variety of plain and fancy woolen fabrics.

For evening toilette there are grenadines, and satins interwoven with beads, intended to be employed for the corsage and front of the skirt, and a new make of satin with stripes in two shades, but woven so as to give the idea of being folded in regular plates.

The style of many of these rich costumes is borrowed more or less from those of a bygone period. Occasionally we see a Guise dress, with high collar and fan sleeves; or, again, a toilette, with plain skirt and panier copied from the Louis XVI. period. The Restoration sleeves are assuredly gaining ground, but are known more familiarly as the gigot sleeve, with a plain, tight-fitting bodice; the mode is not one to be despised, as it is said to be becoming alike to both stout and slight figures.

In the matter of skirt ornamentation, we are gradually returning to the symmetrical drapery placed at each side of the dress, similar to those worn five-and-twenty years ago.

These form a kind of border to the tablier but by no means exclude the usual draperies.

Cloths of all descriptions are often combined with magnificent brocades, this style of dress finding great favour amongst young married ladies; the tunic and corsage are of cloth, the skirt of brocade, and it is in the skirt that the chief novelty lies, for these skirts are made quite in a new manner, without any flounce or trimming whatever, except one very small pleating to edge the skirt; the brocade mostly in favor is made in antique tints, old gold, old bronze, etc.; a very handsome pattern has white, many-colored arabesque stripes on a fawn-colored background; the skirt, made of this material, is slightly trimmed with crimson and old gold lace; the tunic and corsage are of myrtle-green cloth.

Hoods of cream lace, trimmed, and tied under the chin with watered ribbon, are much affected now for theatre wear. Those in black lace, have sometimes a deep red rose nestling at the side, just behind the left ear.

Other hoods are large, and form a covering for the shoulder as well, the lace ends being loosely tied in front. For the neck, chenille scarves, in all colors, are worn, and some of the shaded ones are very pretty.

There are also becoming lace collarets of plaited lace mixed with loops of narrow brown marabout feather trimming. The collaret falls on to the shoulders to the depth of about six inches. A muff to match accompanies it, and is alternately of plaited cream Valenciennes lace and loops of marabout, partially hiding the lace.

For slight mourning, black lace and black feathers are arranged in the same way. Also white lace and black marabouts. A muff for mourning, composed entirely of a mass of loops of black chenille, is lined with moire, and ornamented with a large moire bow. A moire muff all black is trimmed with jet lace and finished off with sprays of fern leaves worked in sparkling jet. A black lace muff tied with shaded plush, varying from pale gold to russet brown, has a cluster of chrysanthemums, matching in color, and easily to be mistaken for real flowers.

Dresses composed of satin and plush for visiting are much worn now, and are principally made in plum and dark green. The tablier is long and full, drawn to the sides to meet the wide panels of plush. At the back the satin falls on to a plaited flounce. The bodice is pointed in front, and has long tails at the back with revers of satin, or vice versa. Tailors are making plush coats and jacket bodices to wear with different skirts of cloth, bege, and cashmere. On cold days a mantle is worn over them for warmth, but for balmy days or closed carriage wear the mantle is dispensed with, a high bodice lining being added underneath.

Shot silk and even shot moire is made up into dressy tea gowns, much trimmed with lace. The former, if shot with red and black lace and red bows lined with black. A moire shot, from pale blue to pale pink, is lined with the palest pink, opened slightly in front to show a white lace petticoat in narrow flounces, and ornamented with a cascade of lace, into which bows of the two shades are clearly introduced.

Black lace evening dresses are to be very fashionable this winter. They are arranged with flounces of lace, the tunnic being of piece lace, and close-fitting bodice, with broad scarf of watered silk.

Lemon-colored satin, with white brocade, is a new mixture of colors which look well at night.

Under petticoats are quite as elaborate, if not more so, than last season. Some, prepared for this winter, of red satin, have three to four vandyked flounces, between which peep cream lace, and are quilted in a design almost up to the waist. Others of bronze and various colored plush have plaits of moire let in at distances, and an inner petticoat or lining composed of the finest muslin and lace. Every fashionable dressmaker now sends home at least two of these elaborate underskirts. They are occasionally worn in the evening, with a fully-trimmed plush or moire coat bodice when at home.

Fireside Chat.

THE long, bright evenings of summer lend themselves to country pursuits and the attractive labors of a garden. It is the season when everyone can go his own way with a greater amount of personal freedom than the fourwalls of the house, and the etiquette of the drawing room will permit. For young people especially, winter deprives of so much that is both healthful, exhilarating, and agreeable, that, if home can be rendered the brightest spot upon earth, at this triste season above all others we should study to make it so—as a matter of actual fact, not of poetical fancy.

All young people—if not of a dull apathetic disposition, morbid in mind and sickly in body—must yearn for some natural vent for their animal spirits, and the full exercise of the physical powers. If home provide not these essentials to their happiness, it may be sweet in many ways, yet the realization of those essentials will be sought elsewhere.

It is not our object to propose original recreations for evening, the legitimate time for their enjoyment, but to suggest a few as specimens, and to offer some hints, on which the reader may improve. First of all, birds cease to sing when placed in the dark, and children feel depressed and cease to laugh in a shadowy room. Home should look cheery, and the time of the family reunion, after lessons and business are over, should be associated with the idea of brightness.

Over and above the benefit of this artificial sunshine to the room, the young people must see well, to carry out my several suggestions.

Hunting, archery and tennis are among the sports provided for the young people until winter sets in. Then come balls and dinner parties, but these do not suffice to fill up the deficiencies of long winter evenings. A friend describes how with others, wits were set to work to kill two birds with one stone and as far as able combine charitable deeds with amusements.

Combination was necessary; they were to help each other, each family receiving the others in turns, and at as little outlay in expense as possible. I name this because I am now writing more especially for that large proportion of the community which possesses but small means available for expenditure on the amusements of the young people.

First, they had our "bee meetings," for making warm quilts for our poor neighbors. Each family prepared a long strip of patchwork, home scraps being supplemented with remnants and samples procured from the shops where they dealt. The completion of this coverlet was the object for instituting a weekly reunion.

Evenings at home were occupied by sorting and sewing together these scraps, and at the same time the gentlemen were expected to prepare an amusing story, a song (comic or otherwise), or a short reading, for the entertainment of the workers while the reunion should take place. Round the dining table, lengthened to its full extent, all sat; a lining of coarse unbleached calico was laid upon it, and over that a layer of grey or white cotton wool. They sewed the strips together, and spread the grey covering upon the wadding, and then commenced the quilting, at wide intervals, across the table. The small boys were useful in handing scissors and cotton to each worker as required, and they had much laughter and childish trick-playing over the quickly accomplished task. Many and pretty were the quilts made, and each family successively who entertained the "bee" party was privileged to nominate the recipients of the gift. Considering that there is "a time for all things," they did not make a religious function of a recreation, and thus no serious books were read on these mirthful occasions. At nine o'clock they retired to the drawing room, a homely repast was laid in the room vacated, and shortly after ten o'clock the party broke up.

A so-called "Mutual Improvement Society" was another of the pleasant institutions. One person prepared a song, two or three a glee or other piece in several parts, one had to tell a story or give a recitation, another a comic or otherwise dramatic reading; and those who could only come as the audience had to bring some work of charity. A small entrance fee was agreed upon, which was to be devoted to a fund for the purchase of so much tea and sugar, or bacon for certain poor people at Christmas. The fees were never to exceed 10cts. each; some gave less (children of course), and after a few weeks the sum was worth its collection.

Shakspearean readings were much in vogue, and all had to study their respectively allotted parts. Some read with considerable dramatic effect, delighting the audience, while others unconsciously contributed quite as much to the entertainment of the company by their extraordinary rendering of the poet's ideas. These evening readings were diversified by selections, on other occasions, of short poems, or prose extracts from other authors, according to the fancy of each reader respectively, and in any language they liked. The fee of a few pence and the inexpensive supper were as usual, a standing institution; and the ordinary evening dress suitable for the home circle was, *de rigueur*, the costume for all these friendly *reunions*.

Charades formed a great source of amusement to young and old, even to the poor neighbors and servants, as well as the rest. They often necessitated a fortnight's preparations—the making and learning by heart of the several parts, the composing and construction of the costumes; the gathering of the evergreens and flowers, the broken crockery, and all other articles requisite for each performance. When the company assembled, the back door was left open, and the poor neighbors were permitted to have a peep wherever possible—at the green-room door in the hall, or at the stage doorway.

"Small plays" were often patronised by the several families in that most sociable neighborhood. In these the younger portion of the little community took an active part, but their elders appeared as much entertained as they. "The Giantess and The Dwarf," "The Poets," "Bouts Rimes," "Post," "Proverbs," "Magic Music," "The One-horned Lady," "The Ship came from China," "The Knights of the Whistle" and various games with the eyes blinded, made pleasant varieties. The game of shadows, accomplished by hanging a sheet across a dark room, and placing a large covered lamp behind it on the floor, the actors dancing and going through various performances behind it, and occasionly leaping over the lamp, so as to appear to escape up to the ceiling and disappear, must not be omitted; which, with many other games, made happy evenings of recreation for us all.

Another style of entertainment, provided without the previous knowledge of some of the company assembled, but with the connivance of the host and hostess, was for one of the party to assume a disguise, grotesque as possible, to be tailored in and properly announced by the servant, a plausible excuse being made for so late a visit from a stranger (if possible, the hour of five o'clock tea, after dusk, would be the best). The conversation should assume an unusual tone—sundry remarks made to excite the displeasure of the company not in the secret followed by some breach of etiquette inducing the lady of the house to ring the bell and desire the intruder to leave the house. The disguise must of course be very complete, and the costume of the visitor bizarre and laughable.

All these suggestions for winter evenings provide for home recreation, in the preparation to be made for the weekly social meetings. Business, lessons, and dinner or tea over, the father of the family should not monopolise the light of a single lamp, and exact silence while he reads the paper, or turns the conversation on politics. He has other duties to perform; for the training of the young, and the formation of character (such as would meet a parent's best wishes) cannot be accomplished by lessons in "the three R's" or history, science, and art. These are only valuable accessories to the moral influence brought to bear upon them in home life. A parent's duties are not fulfilled by merely providing a place to sleep in, food, nurse and doctor as required, and a few hours in church on Sundays. To many it would be impossible to expend much or gay evening entertainments, on going to balls and concerts or theatres; nor would it enhance the attractions of home—and cement the ties between parents and children, brothers and sisters, if they could—which it is our present object to promote by these suggestions. But limited means do not preclude the enjoyment of such entertainment as we have described, either in the private home circle, or in the society of neighboring friends.

Correspondence.

LEBUN, (New York, N. Y.)—We cannot tell you how to treat the eruption on your face. Take a doctor's opinion on the subject. Unless it is a very bad case, he will be able to cure you.

J. T., (Floyd, Va.)—The young lady probably cares something for you, but likes to make you feel her power. Perhaps, if you should let her alone for awhile she would miss your attentions so much that on your next visit she would be more considerate in her behavior.

M. W., (Howard, Md.)—As a rule, every mother has rights which her daughter's lover ought to respect. Such a course as you are taking is apt to lead to future trouble. It would be well for you to make a friend of the young lady's mother, and then your intended wife might be willing to wait until it would be discreet for you to marry.

SAMUEL, (Morgan, Ill.)—The best rules of reading are to read what interests you; to read actively, not passively; to read with system and method. The experience of all who have become intelligent and thoughtful people conforms to the same rule. Every person should work however, upon individual lines of choice in the selection of reading matter.

CLARENCE, (Caldwell, Ky.)—There are no books that will teach you how to become an actor. Except in rare cases, the ability to act well can only be learned by long and patient study on the stage. You would only have to begin with subordinate parts, and submit perhaps to years of wearisome drudgery before you could earn a living, and might fail even to do that.

READER, (Marshall, Tenn.)—The Quirinal is one of the seven hills on which ancient Rome stood, and, next to the Palatine and Capitoline, the oldest and most famous quarter of the city. It lies due north of the Palatine, and its western slope looks down on the Campus Martius, which stretches from its base to the banks of the Tiber. According to the ancient legend, it was the seat of the Sabine portion of the mixed population of early Rome.

ELMO, (Sampson, S. C.)—Since you have had a university education, and are possessed of great determination, we are of your opinion, that perseverance and industry can accomplish what you propose. In your circumstances we would advise you to seek the practical advice and help which only a physician can give. By calling on some experienced old doctor in your neighborhood and stating your case to him, you could learn at once the best course to pursue.

GRAY, (New Castle, Pa.)—The Bastile was begun in 1369, by Charles V., enlarged in succeeding reigns, and destroyed by the people of Paris, July 14, 1789, they having captured it the day previous. The dungeons of the Bastile were nineteen feet below the level of the court-yard, and five feet below that of the ditch which surrounded the building. The only opening of the dungeons, beside the door, was a narrow loophole communicating with the ditch. The dungeons of some of the other fortresses and prisons in Europe were much deeper.

SUSIE, (Montezuma, Mich.)—Some people are very sensitive about such matters, and where one young person cares particularly for another's friendship, too much pains cannot be taken to avoid giving offence. In the case you mention, it would have been awkward for the young man to stay at the house, late at night, after all the other guests had gone, waiting for you and your extemporized beau to return. On reflection, you will probably see that although you intended no discourtesy by your action, the young man, nevertheless, might have felt hurt by it.

RADICAL, (St. Clair, Mo.)—The government of Tunis, which the French have overthrown, was nominally dependent on Turkey, and was called a regency, but was in reality a perfectly independent and absolute despotism. The sovereign was and is still known as the Bey. The country, which lies in North Africa, on the Mediterranean sea, comprises an area of 48,000 square miles, and has a population of about 2,000,000. The religion is Mahommedan. Carthage, so famous in history as the rival of Rome, was situated within the present territory of Tunis.

T. A. M., (Hartford, Conn.)—It is quite refreshing to come upon such a case as yours. You are ingenuous enough to say, "I love a young lady of nearly eighteen, better than myself. While alone with her one night I told her that I had a greater regard for her than anyone else. She answered that she never thought of such a thing; but her actions during seven or eight months indicated to me differently, and I am quite sure that she has more than a feeling of mere friendship for me. She did not resist my caressing her. Now, how would you act under the circumstances? and what do you think of her regard for me?" It is said that the grass under locust trees is the greenest of all; but we think you would look green in comparison with that to want further evidence of the young lady's feelings.

STICKLER, (Bedford, Pa.)—We believe you to be right in saying that good books of etiquette lay down the rule, that when a lady and gentleman meet in the street it is the duty of the lady to bow first. The rule, however, is an arbitrary one, and latterly more honored in the breach. After duly considering the arguments pro and con, we have come to the conclusion that, when possible, both persons should bow simultaneously. In the case of near-sighted persons, a little latitude of course, might be given, provided the fact of myopia can be clearly proved by medical evidence. There is, however, always danger in these exceptions to social rules, and therefore it may be safer for near-sighted people to bow in all cases of doubt, accustoming themselves to do this with uniform courtesy whether they are themselves recognised or not.

W. S., (Ford, Ill.)—We do not give opinions on religious dogmas and beliefs, but we have no objections to giving a short history of any sect or order, including Socinianism, which you are anxious to know something about. Socinianism was originated by Lelius Socinus, an Italian theologian, who flourished in the sixteenth century. He died so young—aged thirty-seven—that he did not have an opportunity to found the doctrine known by his name, but his nephew, Faustus Socinus, who inherited his property and manuscripts, elaborated the scattered hints and views of his uncle into a system. The Socinian doctrines deny the Trinity, the deity of Christ, the personality of the devil, the native and total depravity of man, the vicarious atonement, and the eternity of punishment, and teach that Christ was a man divinely commissioned; that human sin is the imitation of Adam's sin of disobedience to the divine laws, and that human salvation is secured by the imitation and adoption of Christ's virtue; that the Bible should be interpreted by human reason, and that its metaphors are not to be taken literally.